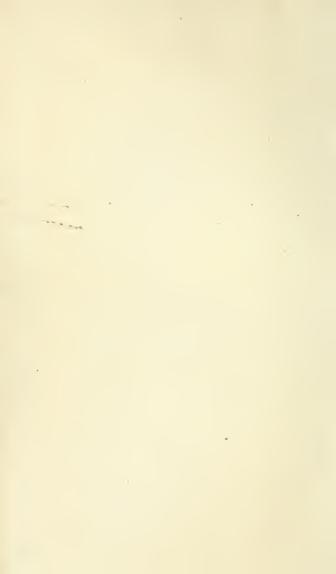




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Tays of Other Lands:

POEMS

TRANSLATED OR IMITATED FROM VARIOUS LANGUAGES.

WITH SOME ORIGINAL PIECES.

BY

W. R. EVANS,

AUTHOR OF "A CENTURY OF TABLES IN VERSE," ETC.

"Quod si me lyricis vatibus inseres "

HORACE

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ТО

SIR WALTER C. TREVELYAN, BART.

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PREFACE.

By established usage a preface constitutes an indispensable, though often useless portion of a work. It is generally the most difficult part to write, and the most unsatisfactory when written. In it the author addresses his readers personally for a few moments to introduce his book, which might often better have introduced itself. But since a preface is required, and since I have a few things to say to my readers which I could not well say in any other manner, I will introduce my book as shortly as I can.

The part of this volume entitled "Lays of other Lands" was commenced years ago—not as a principal occupation, but as a diversion amid severer studies, even the latter being pursued in the leisure hours which my occupation allowed. My first intention was to translate one or more pieces from every civilized language which I had studied—some twenty or more; but the want of books, and of time to gain access to

books, has narrowed my performance, though not my aspirations. Circumstances, meanwhile, render it expedient that I should publish. To supply the poems that are wanting from my primary design, I print a few original attempts, which would otherwise never have been published. Whether I have done well in this, the reader must judge. Of a former work published by subscription, the majority of my Subscribers expressed their approval: should they do so of this, I should be more satisfied than they.

Two small poems have been withdrawn from "A Century of Fables," and inserted in this volume.

The translations I publish have at least one merit: they are genuine translations made direct from the originals, and not from the versions of others, or with the assistance of others. In all my literary undertakings I wish to stand or fall by myself; and therefore I send my copy unedited to be printed, and wish no one to read my proofs except for misprints. To obviate suspicion, I may inform the scholar that I pretend not to intimate knowledge of all the languages I have studied: their examination was undertaken merely for philological purposes, extending scarcely beyond the grammar; and if I have

become versed in a few, it has been rather from constant acquaintance than from intent study. The grammatical accidence of a hundred languages might easily be acquired by one man; the whole vocabulary and all the idioms of two, hardly. Were these absolutely necessary for translation, I should never have thought of rendering poems from so many languages.

Concerning the manner of publication:—No publisher would purchase this volume of poems from a comparatively unknown author. Neither can I. a working man, pay for printing a book, or have it printed as a speculation, to find nearly half the gross proceeds absorbed necessarily in trade percentages, and the rest in advertising. I cannot afford to attain fame in this way, even had I ability to do so. I am no Columbus in search of an America: I am a mere coast voyager.

Among my former Subscribers I have been as well supported as I could expect. But in appealing to the general public, or rather to a select part thereof, with this book as well as my last, I have found an amount of indifference which I did not believe to be possible. Were it not for the kindness of a few who have assisted me well, either by taking several copies of

my work or by recommending it to others, the amount for postage and other expenses would actually exceed the price of the copies ordered. To such friends I tender my unaffected gratitude: I cannot press them to do more than they have done; but I would willingly obtain more such helpers. For each copy of this work spontaneously ordered, a clear gain of two shillings at least would accrue-not an insignificant sum to one in my state of life. It might scarcely be believed that 300 letters were in one instance issued to obtain scarcely 20 replies; or that in another a hundred letters and prospectuses (costing nearly £1) brought two orders. Yet such are disheartening facts. Not being a mere trader, and having no gold to speculate with, I have lost only in what I have to lose-heart and nerve.

I cannot trespass further upon the kindness of those who have been to me as fresh oases amid a barren desert of neglect; and so I wish them, for the present, farewell, with heartfelt thanks.

W. R. EVANS.

LONDON, Dec. 1860.

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^{*} The pieces to which an asterisk is appended, are imitations, more or less diverging from the originals. Some of these, indeed, preserve little more than the leading idea of the author, the wording being changed, either for the purpose of adapting them to English readers, or through the difficulty of close translation. In other, the asterisk marks the insertion of new lines or stanzas embodying subsidiary ideas.

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Pays of Other Lands.



The Zuthor to his Book.

AFTER THE SPANISH.

AYE on thy fruitless purpose bent,
To plough the foaming waves intent,
With thy poor pilot doom'd to bear
The storm-fiend's raging, in despair.
Now Neptune gentle aspect feigns,
To tempt thee to his wild domains;
But why wilt thou disdain repose,
To brave each fickle breeze that blows?
My boat, content thee, I implore!
By zephyrs wafted round the shore,
Sail in some peaceful little bay;
For if 'neath Neptune's horrid sway
Huge vessels quail before the storm,
What danger waits thy fragile form!

The Monarch.

FROM THE FRENCH.

MAN, to be happy, should a monarch be: O lofty Wisdom, blest be thy decree! To make me bappy is thy power display'd; Me of myself a monarch thou hast made. My palace is a garret, low and small; But early beams of sunrise gild its wall: Books, drawings, pencils, papers, pens, are spread Confusedly on tables, chairs, and bed. 'Tis here I sleep, read, study, sing, and grieve, Or meditate on what I would achieve. Myself alone applauding my employ, I sow the harvest I would fain enjoy. Here ever I return, and richly fraught, To store the booty in long wanderings sought,— Whether in pleasant converse I have stroll'd With poet or philosopher of old, Or journey'd with a sage of later times O'er sea and land, 'mid many foreign climes.

I gather honey from vast flowery fields:
They all invite, and every blossom yields
To me some delicate and precious spoil,
And thus I store my hive by patient toil.

The Critics.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT.

The flood of verse throws out upon the strand
Its many-colour'd stones with shells and sand,
While here and there true pearls among them lie.
The Critics on the margin where they're thrown,
Like children, picking up the pebbles, cry:
"Another stone, another precious stone!"
And pass the genuine pearls unheeded by.

The Lay of a Brabe Man.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

On, nobly sounds the brave man's lay,
Like organ-tones or chime of bells:
His tribute song, not gold, must pay,
Within whose soul high valour dwells.
I thank thee, Heaven, that I can raise
My voice to sing a brave man's praise!

From Southern seas the Thaw-wind sped,
Blew damp and chill o'er Italy;
And fast the clouds before it fled,
As sheep before the wild wolf flee.
It swept the land, and burst the frost
On lakes and rivers as it cross'd.

In myriad torrents molten snow
Adown the mountains 'gan to roll;
A lake o'erspread the vale below,
And high the river rose and swoll.

The waves dash'd on with foamy crest, And ice-blocks on each other press'd.

On massive piers and arches good,

And stoutly built of granite all,

A bridge across the river stood,

And midway rose a dwelling small.

Here dwelt the tollman, with child and wife.

O tollman, tollman, flee for life!

With shock on shock the dwelling rang;

Loud howl'd the storm and waves without.

Up to the roof the tollman sprang,

And gazed into the tumult out.

"O piteous Heaven, thy pity show!—

Lost! lost! no hope of help I know."

With blow on blow, from shore to shore

The ice-blocks charged in dread array;

From either bank the mad stream tore

The piers and arches right away.

The trembling tollman, with wife and child,

Howl'd louder than the tempest wild.

With crash on crash at either end,
The ice-blocks as in fury roll'd:
Pier after pier, as they descend,
Is riven ruin'd from its hold.
To midway hastes the overthrow:
O piteous Heaven, now pity show!

High on the distant land a crowd
Of peasants stand, and gaze dismay'd:
They wring their hands, and cry aloud;
But not one dares to render aid.
The frantic tollman, with wife and child,
For help outhowls the tempest wild.

When soundest thou, O brave man's lay,
Like organ-tones, or chime of bells?
Where is the man, my brave song, say,
Within whose soul high valour dwells?
To midway hastes the overthrow:
O brave man, now thy valour show!

Up rides a Count full gallop there, A noble Count of ancient line. What waves the Count high in the air?

An ample purse distent with coin.

"Two hundred pistoles are the prize
For him who saves yon folk!" he cries.

Who is the brave man? Is it he?
Say on, say on, my noble song!
"Brave man and bold the Count may be,
But still a braver comes ere long."
Quick, brave man, and thy valour show:
To midway hastes the overthrow.

And ever higher swells the flood,

And ever louder shrieks the blast,

And ever chiller grows the blood;

O brave man, come ere all is past!

Pier after pier bursts and descends,

While all the bridge cracks, sways, and bends.

"Holloa, holloa! who wins the prize?"

Exclaims the Count, and chinks the gold.

All hear the offer—none replies:

'Mid thousands wealth makes none so bold.

In vain the tollman, with wife and child, For help outhowls the tempest wild.

But see, a Peasant through the press,
With staff in hand, approaches now,
With rude smock-frock and simple dress,
But lofty mien and noble brow.
He hears the Count, the promise made,
And sees the need for instant aid.

Himself in God's name has he cast
Into a boat upon the spot,
'Spite billows, ice, and stormy blast;
And bravely gains the tollman's cot.
But, oh! the boat is now too small
In one attempt to rescue all!

And thrice he tempts the furious tide,
'Spite billows, ice, and stormy blast;
And thrice he gains the cottage-side,
And brings all safe to land at last.
Then scarcely has he reach'd the shore,
When the doom'd toll-house topples o'er.

Who is the brave man, tell me, now?

Say on, say on, my noble lay!

The Peasant ventured life, I trow;

But was it for the golden pay?

Had not the Count his service bought,

Mayhap the Peasant had done nought.

"Here," cried the Count, "the prize is won!
Come, valiant friend, take thy reward."
Say now, was that not bravely done!
A noble heart had that good lord!
Yes; but a nobler heart and higher
Beat 'neath the Peasant's rude attire.

"Life was not given to be sold;
I've wealth enow, though it be small;
Then let the tollman have the gold,
For he to-day hath lost his all."
Thus spake the man in earnest tone;
Then turn'd his back, and left, unknown.

Was it an angel from the sky,
Or but a simple son of earth,

That taught us in one act how nigh

Man may approach angelic worth?

It was a man, who scorn'd a bribe

That might have vex'd God's angel-scribe.

Oh, nobly sounds the brave man's lay,

Like organ-tones or chime of bells:

His tribute song, not gold, must pay,

Within whose soul high valour dwells.

I thank thee, Heaven, that I can raise

My voice to sing a brave man's praise.

Beauty.

FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

NATURE gave sharp horns to cattle,
And to horses hoofs for battle;
Rapid feet to hares for flying;
Teeth to lions, all defying;
Fins to fish to roam the ocean;
Wings to birds for airy motion;
Mind to man his deeds to measure:
But still woman lack'd a treasure;
What remain'd? A precious dower
Nature grants in Beauty's power;
Beauty that as armour shieldeth,
That as weapon woman wieldeth;
Beauty that, o'er steel prevailing,
Sees the fiery warrior quailing!

A Lobe-Song.

FROM THE FRENCH.

MAY is crown'd with fewer roses,
Summer fewer fruits discloses,
Autumn fewer ears of corn,
Than the songs, thy charms adoring,
That my lips and lyre are pouring,
Of thy smiles and glances born.

And my bosom's secret yearning
Rises up in words all burning,
Kindled by thy gentle name;
Like that fish whose tears o'erflowing
Into precious pearls are growing,
To adorn a sultan's fame;—

Like that worm that ever windeth, From the verdant food it findeth, Shining threads of golden hue. Come, beloved, for thy pleasure
Weaves my muse a priceless treasure
Of a silk for ever new.

Poesy's pure pearls, e'er springing
From my bosom, she is stringing
In a necklace: it is thine;
Round thy fair neck let me throw it,
For the offering of a poet
Findeth there its fittest shrine.

To Chloe.

FROM THE LATIN OF HORACE.

You shun me like a timid fawn, my Chloe dear, That seeks its mother o'er some pathless mountainground,

> And wanders on in foolish fear Of every breeze and bush around.

For should the spring-clad branches rustle in the breeze,

Or haply a green lizard in the thicket start, She trembles in her sinking knees, And terror strikes her beating heart.

Not like a savage tiger hungering for prey,
Or fierce Getulian lion, would I injure thee:
Then from thy mother come away;
Thou'rt old enough my love to be.

The Zpology.

AFTER THE ITALIAN OF METASTASIO.

Forgive me, Chlore; I know not how I could have caused that frowning brow-That cruel wrath. O lovely one, Say, I beseech, what have I done? I said I loved thee, it is true,-That fairer maid I never knew; And is that really deem'd to be So terrible a crime by thee? If loving thee be guilt, then who Can see thee and offend not too? Find only one, my lovely Chlore, Who seeing thee will not adore,-Addressing thee will heave no sigh,-Then turn on me that flashing eye. But 'mid so many who've offended thee, Why doom to penance only me? If nature made thee so divine, O cruel, is it fault of mine?

Be pacified, I prithee, then, And make thee lovable again. Thou wouldst be shock'd if thou couldst see How angry looks disfigure thee. Thou dost not think I tell thee true? Then in this brook thine image view; Regard it well, and then declare If I deceive thee, maiden fair. . . Dost recognize those features now? That flashing eye, that wrinkled brow, That air of fierceness on thy face, Have they not hidden half thy grace? But if thou must retaliate. List while a better mode I state:-If telling thee I love thee so, And thou'rt the fairest maid I know, Be such an insult—then, I pray, Insult me in the selfsame way: I promise thee to pardon each Endearing word and loving speech. . .

But thou art smiling—ah! that smile, That doth my heart from me beguile! Behold, reflected in the brook,

The beauty of a smiling look.

If mirth can make thy face so fair,
Then think what pity would do there!
Thy smile is passing sweet, I grant;
Thy pity would indeed enchant.
Let once again thy face appear
Reflected in that water clear—
Once more thy mirror'd features view,
While pity lends them graces new.
A thousand charms before unseen
Will sit upon thy piteous mien...
Now thou are perfect, and thine eyes
Beam like an angel's from the skies.
Oh, never more let anger shroud
Such beauties 'neath a darksome cloud!

Love and the Bee.

AFTER THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

While culling roses, Love, unwitting, Pluck'd one whereon a bee was sitting. The spiteful insect, thus excited, In vengeful humour straight alighted Upon his hand, and stung him badly. Love scream'd, and, weeping sadly, Flew to the fair-hair'd Venus, crying: "O mother, I am surely dying-I know I never can recover! A poisonous little winged rover, Men call a bee, flew from the roses, And stung me, as I gather'd posies."— "Nay, child, 'twill soon be well," said Venus; "But let me ask you, Love, between us, If this bee-sting can cause such smarting, How much the shafts you're ever darting!"

Lobe's Wiles.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ZAPPI.

Where my beloved sits, Love sits beside;
Where'er she wanders, Love still follows near:
In her his speech, his laugh, his sighs I hear;
In her he lives, with her to charm allied.
By Love her smiles, her songs, are all supplied;
And when she weepeth, Love in every tear
Is weeping too; and so doth Love appear
Wroth in her anger, haughty in her pride.
If in the dance she peradventure errs,
A prompter's aid doth Love at once impart,
As when a blossom Zephyr softly stirs.
Love I behold in her in every part,—
Love in her hair, her eyes, those lips of hers;—
Love everywhere I see, save in her heart.

The Choirmnster of the Grobe.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

HARMONY soundeth in every tree,

And sweet singing wherever I rove:

Who is it over the concert presides

Of the jubilant choir in the grove?

Is it the plover appearing profound,
And nodding importantly there?
Is it that pedant whose "cuckoo" resounds
In such regular time through the air?

Is it the grave-looking stork, whose long leg
Is at intervals striking the ground,
Seeming as if he directed them all
Who are making such music around?

No; it is here in my own heart he sits,

Who presides o'er the choir in the grove:

There I can feel he is beating the time,

And I know that his name must be Love.

A Lober's Mishes.

FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

To stone by sudden horror Sad Niobe was changed; Through ether as a swallow Pandion's daughter ranged.

But I would be a mirror,

If thou wouldst gaze on me;

Or willingly a garment,

If only worn by thee.

I would be turn'd to water,
To lave a face so fair;
Or to the oil, sweet maiden,
That glistens on thy hair:

To ribbon for thy bosom,

To pearl on thy neck bound,

Or even to a sandal

To bear thee off the ground.

The Violet.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Permit me from thy wreathy band To pluck one flower alone; My life is but a bleak, bare land, Where flower bath never grown.

Or if by chance one should arise,
'Tis poison'd soon by woe;
Yet round thy laughter-moisten'd eyes
How plenteously they grow.

Should sorrow ever visit thee,—
And whom doth sorrow spare?—
My heart will beat in sympathy;
Thy grief will enter there.

In striving then to comfort thine,
Will I my woe forget;
And in thy fading wreath entwine
A votive violet.

Things of Course.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

At evening roaming forth, along
The meadow-path I stray;
While she looks from her summer-house,
That stands hard by the way.
We never made appointment yet,
But as a thing of course have met.

I know not how it came to pass,—
Oft have I kiss'd her though:
I ask her not, she says not "Yes"—
But then she ne'er says "No."
When lips to lips are fondly press'd,
We think it good, and let them rest.

The Zephyr toyeth with the rose,

Its love for granted takes;

The rose imbibes the crystal dew,

And no petition makes:

I love her, and she loveth me;

But neither whispers, "I love thee."

Passage in a Gondola.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Since Evening now hath cast her dusky veil
Around the placid lake, repelling sight,—
Brown gondola, securely wilt thou sail
Amid the silence of the friendly night.
Where mirror'd moonbeams mark a silvery way,
The grotto-dwelling nymphs thy form escort;
And, scatter'd by thine oar, the glittering spray
In flowery jets seems dancing round in sport.
With me comes timidly a fairy maid,
Whose eyes, yet darker than the sky above,

A light replete with tenderness and love.

Ah! while those gentle rays such bliss inspire,
I would not envy Jove his heavenly fire.

The Rose-tree.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TIEDGE.

OH, would that my lover a rose-tree might be!

I would bring him in hither to flourish by me,—
'Neath my window would plant him in rich gardenmould,

Where him I could ever and ever behold.

The softest of breezes should blow on each bloom, And waft to my senses delicious perfume: That fragrance I'd drink when the moon shone at

night;

Till it ravish'd my innermost soul with delight.

His form every morning and evening I'd view,
And his leaves with the coolest of water bedew;
While his ruby lips softly should whisper to me:
"Thou lovest me truly,—I truly love thee!"

I would say, when the longing bees near to him flew: "My beloved one's honey for me alone grew;

Then, away to the meadows with flowers o'ergrown, And leave ye that dear one to me for my own!"

The zephyrs would loiter with him on their way, To toy and coquet, and allure him to play, And in soft-spoken murmurs would fondly declare: "We love him as thou dost—we love what is fair."

Now fragrant and fresh from that beautiful tree, A crimson-hued leaflet would flutter to me: My cheek it would kiss, and leave a flush there, You might with the rose's own blossoms compare.

When my mother should say: "O daughter of mine, Like the blush of the morn is that colour of thine!"
"'Twas done by the rose, mother,"—thus I would speak;—

"The rose by the window has breathed on my cheek."

A Dinlogue.

AFTER THE LATIN OF HORACE.*

Horace.

WHILE I still was beloved by thee,

And no happier man might in affection cling
Round that lily-pale neck of thine,

Then I flourish'd in joy more than the Persian king.

Lydia.

While none yet was preferr'd to me,

And ere Chloë in thee lighted a rival flame,

Then I, Lydia, enjoy'd renown,

Then I flourish'd in love more than the proudest
dame.

* This poem is inserted as an attempt to render Horace in his own metre, considering accent as equivalent to the *ictus metricus*; thus:—

While I | still was beloved || by thee,
A'nd no | happier man || might in affec | tion cling
Round that | lily-pale neck || of thine,
Then I | flourish'd in joy || more than the Per | sian king.

Horace.

Cretan Chloë commands me now,

Skill'd in musical tones, cunning upon the lyre;

And I, were it to save her life,

Now would, free from alarm, nay with content, expire.

Lydia.

Cálais, fair son of Ornithus,

Now hath lighted in me flame from his am'rous fire;

And I, were it to save his life,

Now would, void of regret, willingly twice expire.

Horace.

But should love as of old return,

Weld all flaws in the chain binding our hearts of yore;

Gold-hair'd Chloë should I discard,

Hold for Lydia expell'd freely the open door?

Lydia.

Though he's fair as a star and true;

Thou e'en light as cork drifting upon the sea,

Prone to rage as the fickle waves;

Yet with thee would I live—yea, and would die with thee!

Lobe's Lebec.

AFTER THE ITALIAN OF DE ROSSI.

LOVE in his palace held, one day,
A levee in the royal way.
To regulate the ingress stood
Caprice, admitting as he would
His own acquaintance to the throne,
To whom undue regard was shown
O'er rank or merit amid those
Unknown, or only known as foes.

Laughter and Mirth, admitted first,
With Love some little time conversed;
Next enter'd Youth, whose visit grew
Into a lengthen'd interview;
Then Beauty came in simple dress,
And led the Graces through the press.

Next peevish Jealousy was heard, And then the deity conferr'd Awhile with Folly, granting each An unaccustom'd length of speech; For numerous affairs of weight
To either he would delegate.
With baleful eye and wrinkled brow
Came *Treachery* to audience now;
But on her exit, one might trace
A smile of triumph on her face.

Next came *Disdain*, whom some report Was ne'er a favourite at court;
Although his glance, on leaving, told
His welcome there had not been cold.

Then Constancy admittance gain'd, With Innocence, her dearest friend; But as they issued, both were seen With downcast eye and troubled mien.

Thus enter'd all the courtier throng, Save Reason, who had waited long, But whom Caprice, from ancient spite, Rejoiced at every turn to slight. Hence he had kept her there without, Until the god, quite wearied out With the protracted audience, rose To seek refreshment and repose. Then said the usher with sly glee: "Your godship Reason yet would see."

Love heard the name, and, with a yawn,
Replied: "Tis time I had withdrawn:
I really can no longer stay;
So let her come some other day."

The shealer this repulse offended

But she, by this repulse offended, Love's court has never since attended.

Lobe's Victory.

FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

The Theban strife let bards rehearse, Or Trojan war, in martial verse:

I'll sing of battles with the rest,

And chant the capture of my breast.

No horseman came to vanquish me,

Nor foot by land, nor ship by sea:

Far different foe was mine, who threw

Sharp darts from merry eyes of blue.

The Hunter.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

In chasing a roe amid meadow and wood

As a hunter the morn was beguiling,

Like a rose o'er the hedge of a garden he spied

Where a maiden stood gazing and smiling.

Oh, what has befallen the noble steed?

Is it hurt, that it suddenly halteth?

And what has befallen the hunter so gay,

That at once from the saddle he vaulteth?

The roe in its terror still hurries away

Over hill and through valley so fleetly:—

Oh, rest thee, thou timid one! what dost thou fear?

Thou'rt forgot by the hunter completely.

Song.

AFTER THE ITALIAN OF ALBO CRISSO.

When first my beloved
Threw fetters around me,
Of gold were the fetters,
And lightly they bound me.

But as in the old time

The Golden Age speeded,
And then to the Brazen

The Iron succeeded;

So too did my fetters

Grow base with the wearing—
From hoping to doubting,

And then to despairing.

And as, since the others

Have made their arrival,

Alas! of the first age

We see no revival;

So too of my loving

The Golden Age ended,

I fear, to oblivion

For aye hath descended.

The Lyre.

AFTER THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

Or war in grand Homeric strain
I wish to sing, but all in vain:
My lyre yields no congenial tone,
Its music sounds for love alone.
I changed the strings the other day,
And shaped the wood a different way:
Still when of blood and strife I sang,
The lyre with Cupid's praises rang.
Though deeds of heroes please me well,
Of Love's alone my lyre will tell.

To Nerrn.

FROM THE LATIN OF HORACE,

'Twas night, and in the cloud-unsullied sky the moon Amid the lesser stars did shine,

When thou, 'fore the great gods to perjure thee so soon,
Didst swear, repeating words of mine,

With thy soft pliant arms around me tighter prest,

Than ivy clasps the ilex-tree,—

That long as wolf should prowl, or (foe to seamen's rest)
Orion vex the wintry sea,

Or zephyrs fan Apollo's golden locks unshorn, My love should never thine excel.

My lost affection yet, Neæra, thou shalt mourn;

For if in Horace manhood dwell,

He will not brook thine evenings with a rival spent,
But seek another maid more true;

Nor to a perjured fair one shall his heart relent, Though she with tears for pardon sue.

And thou, whoe'er thou art, more favour'd by the fates,
Who proudly tramplest on my woe,—

Though thou be rich in flocks and limitless estates,

And Pactolus for thee should flow,—

Though thou possess Pythagoras' mysterious lore,

And comelier e'en than Nireus be,—

Alas! her favours elsewhere shown shalt thou deplore;

But I in turn shall laugh at thee.

The Reply.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

The rose thou lately sentest me, Gather'd with lily hand by thee, Lived scarcely to the eventide, When, pining for its home, it died. Its soul now soars to thee away, Returning in a tiny lay.

The Fair Dreamer.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THALES BERNARD.

You ask me wherefore I am dreaming, While rising o'er the poplars white, The mist is gilded by the light Of stars on high in myriads beaming.

Fear not, my own belovèd one,

Although my breast may heave and start:

My soul is thine, and in my heart

Thine image is replaced by none.

When, quivering in the waves, the gleaming Reflections of the stars I view'd,
I felt mine eyes by tears bedew'd,
For I of other worlds was dreaming.

The Castle by the Sea.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

- "Hast thou seen that lofty castle
 On the cliffs above the sea,
 Clouds in sheen of gold and purple
 Hanging o'er it splendidly?
- "Down it seems as it were bending
 To the mirror-flood below:
 Up it seems as it were tending
 To the sunset's crimson glow."—
- "Well I've seen the lofty castle
 On the cliffs above the sea,
 And the pale moon o'er it gazing
 Through the mist that compass'd me."—
- "Did the wind and Ocean's billows
 Spread around a murmur gay,
 And the great hall ring with echoes
 Of the harp and festive lay?"—

- "Wind and billows all were silent,

 Lying in a deathlike sleep:

 Dirges through the hall rung wildly,

 Mournful sounds that made me weep."—
- "Didst thou not upon the ramparts
 View the monarch and his spouse,
 Clad in gorgeous purple mantles,
 Golden crowns upon their brows?
- "Did they not with pride and pleasure Lead a lovely maiden there, Radiant as the sun in summer With her locks of golden hair?"—
- "Well, alas! I saw the parents,

 Both without their crowns of gold,

 Clad in sorrow's sable garments;

 But no maid did I behold!"

Eternal Sobereignty.

AFTER THE PERSIAN.

Shah Khusroo Parweez to Shereen,
His well-beloved and loving Queen,
Exclaim'd one day: "How fine a thing
And pleasant to be born a king!
But better still if sovereignty
Could last for all eternity."
To him replied the fair Shereen:
"My lord, if sovereignty had been
Eternal, thou hadst never known
The fate to sit upon a throne."—
"Yea, thou art right," the Shah replied;
"And thou hadst never been my bride;
Nor had I ever known the bliss
Of winning a fair woman's kiss."

The Lay of a Poor Man.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

I AM a poor and friendless man;
Alone I take my way:
Fain could I wish that once again
My heart were light and gay.

In my belovèd parents' home

A happy child was I;

But bitter grief has been my lot

Since in the grave they lie.

I see the gardens rich with flowers,
The fields with golden grain:
Mine is the barren fruitless road,
Trodden by toil and pain.

Amid the joyous throngs of men With hidden grief I stray, And wish full heartily and warm To every one good day. O bounteous God, Thou leav'st me not Of every joy bereft: In heavenly hopes for all the world Sweet comfort e'er is left.

Still in the village yonder doth
Thy holy house appear,
Where organ-tones and holy song
Sound sweetly on mine ear.

Still shine the sun, and moon, and stars,
So lovingly on me;
And when the evening bell is rung,
Lord, I converse with Thee.

Co the Bandusian Kountain.

FROM THE LATIN OF HORACE.

Bandusian Fountain, clearer far
Than finest glass thy waters are,
And worthy of the richest wine
From cups where fairest flowers entwine.
To-morrow, as an offering, thou
Shalt have a kid, upon whose brow
The budding horns sprout into sight,
For sportive freak or vengeful fight:
In vain; for with his scarlet blood
The wanton dyes thy limpid flood.

The Dog-star in the sky may gleam,
But never can affect thy stream.
Refreshing coolness dost thou yield
To weary oxen from the field,
Or wandering flocks that pant with heat.
Delicious streamlet, it is meet
Among the fountains known to fame
That I should register thy name,

And celebrate the oak outspread
In pleasant shade above thy bed,
Uprising from the rocky steep
From whence thy prattling waters leap.

Myperbole.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GUARINI.

If I for pens had all the trees of earth,
The sky for paper, and for ink the sea,
The thousandth portion of thy matchless worth
To utter, all inadequate would be.

If I had tongues and voices many more Than heaven hath stars, or grains of sand the shore, With talking would they weary and grow hoarse, Ere I of all thy beauties could discourse.

The Voyage.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT.

Like a vessel on the ocean

Life is gliding over death,

And above, beneath, around it,

Danger ever threateneth.

But a fragile floor of planking
Separates thee from the grave,
While the fickle, faithless breezes
Toss thee on the yawning wave.

Let the wind be ne'er so tranquil,

Ne'er so calm and still the sea,

While in life's boat thou art sailing,

E'er in danger wilt thou be.

An Ecstnsy.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

I stood alone by ocean on a starry night,
In heaven no cloud, upon the sea no sail in sight.
Beyond this actual world my vision pierced afar;
And forests, mountains, and all things inanimate,
In murmurs indistinct seem'd to interrogate

Each rolling wave and glowing star.

The golden stars, in an innumerable crowd,
Answer'd in myriad harmonies, now low, now loud,
As reverently they bow'd their flaming crowns of
light;

And the blue waves, that nought may govern or arrest,

Answer'd, as humbly each inclined his crest;

"It is the Lord, the God of might!"

Singing.

AFTER THE GERMAN OF LANGBEIN.

Man for masters had in singing
Birds, that erst in Eden fair
Sent their cheery music ringing
Through the balmy summer air.

There our forbears, tranced with pleasure,

Learnt from them the singing art;

Which, bequeathing as a treasure,

Sire to son would aye impart.

Spurn not, then, the art delightful,
Taught us by so free a folk,
In whose gushing numbers spiteful
Wish or passion never spoke.

Only to kind hearts 'tis given
Thus in music to rejoice:
Only harmless birds hath Heaven
Granted a melodious voice.

Who e'er heard an eagle trilling

Lays upon the mountain-height?

Vulture, owl, or raven thrilling

All the woodland with delight?

No; they have no heart for singing;
Think it wiser to be still,
While a cautions flight they're winging
Here and there to catch and kill.

So, coin-loving men-defranders

Lack the poet's power to sing:

Sound is nought to such marauders,

Save when gold and silver ring.

But the man who for his treasures

Cheerfulness and love hath won,
Joyeth in harmonious measures

When his daily toil is done.

Time.

AFTER THE ITALIAN OF DE ROSSI.

"Time's image that can never be!

O painter, thou art wrong.

No wings on arms or feet I see,

To bear him swift along.

"Thou'st made an aged, languid wight,
Whose trembling form appears
Incapable of rapid flight,
And impotent with years.

"I grant that time is old and gray;
But still he's strong and fleet,
And hurries forward on his way
With never-tiring feet."

So speaks the inexperienced youth,

Too prone to criticise:

To him, with philosophic truth,

The painter thus replies:

"Time is a fickle, cruel sprite,
Rejoicing in our woe,
And changing wholly in our sight,
As thou too soon wilt know.

"The rapid pinions he assumes
When man is glad and gay;
But when o'er man's heart sorrow glooms,
Time throws his wings away.

"Thou, in thy spring-tide bright and warm,
Of Time hast little known:
Live on, and thou wilt find his form
Too much as I have shown."

Between Earth und Benben.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT.

The Earth is now so green, the Heaven so blue,
And each, to charm the view,
Such loveliness displays,
I know not, in these fair and sunny days,
When His creative Word God speaks anew,
If I should up or down direct my gaze.

As dust in thy fresh dust, O Earth below,
My body soon will lie,
In flowers anew to grow.
O Heaven above, up through thy sunny glow
My spirit like a dove will gladly fly.

Until they sever so,
My trust I'll balance 'twixt the Earth and Sky.

3 Summer Right.

AFTER THE FRENCH.

Now, when the day hath fled,
By flowers profusely spread
O'er earth delicious fragrances are shed;
One hears soft murmurs rise,
And, with scarce-closed eyes,
Half sleeping in transparent slumber lies.

The shadows softer seem,

The stars with milder beam

'Mid vague half day in boundless heaven gleam;

While Dawn, with half-closed eyes,

Waiting till Darkness flies,

Seems wandering all night beneath the skies.

The Maiden's Lament.

AFTER THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

The forest is moaning,
Clouds gloom o'er the sky;
A maiden is roaming
The river-side by.

The waves hurry past her in turbulent flight;

She heaves her heart's sighs through the murky night,

And weeps till her eyes are weary.

"My lone heart must suffer:

The world is a void;

No peace it can offer

Where hope is destroy'd.

Take, Mother, thy child to thy home in the sky:

For me is the cup of earth's happiness dry,

And life without love is dreary!"

Though her tears be raining,
Yet vainly they're shed,
And her loud complaining
Awakes not the dead.

Oh, where is there balm for the poor stricken heart, When love's sweet delight doth for ever depart, And the bosom with grief is swelling?

Let her tears be raining!

Not vainly they're shed,

Though her loud complaining

Awakes not the dead.

For the softest balm for the sorrowing heart, When love's sweet delight doth for ever depart, Are tears from the full breast welling.

The Rose and the Comb.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

Thus of the Rose the Tomb inquired:

"Of the soft dew of eventide

What makest thou, O flower admired?"

Thus to the Tomb the Rose replied:

"What makest thou of those that sink

Down through thy ever-yawning brink?"

And further said: "O sombre Tomb,
Sweet honey of that dew I make,
Here in the shadow of my bloom."—
"O Queen of Flowers,"—the Tomb then
spake,—
"Of each pure soul that hither hies

I make an angel for the skies!"

The Ilpine Hunter:

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

- "See the lambs are gay and gentle; Wilt thou not to guard them stay, While they feed in blooming meadows, Or beside the streamlet play?"—
 "Mother, mother, let me go
 Hunting 'mid the mountain-snow!"
- "On the horn so loudly blowing,
 Wilt thou not allure the herds,
 While their bells are gaily tinkling
 'Mid the song of happy birds?"—
 "Mother, mother, let me go
 Hunting 'mid the mountain-snow!"
- "Wilt thou not within thy garden Tend the flow'rets fair and bright?

Gardens grow not on the mountain;
Wild is all upon its height."—
"Leave the flowers alone to grow:
Mother, mother, let me go!"

To the chase the youth has started,
Onward hurrying o'er the plains;
Onward still, with heart undaunted,
Till the mountain-height he gains.
With the swiftness of the blast
Flies a trembling chamois past.

Over rock and crag she passes,

Over chasm wide and deep,—

Through the earthquake-riven gorges

Lightly bounds with venturous leap;

E'er behind the hardy foe

Speeding with the deadly bow.

On the loftiest cliff she pauses,

Hanging o'er a precipice,

Where the pathway ends abruptly,

Lost adown the black abyss.

Depths profound before her lie,

And behind her death is nigh.

With a silent look beseeching,

Turns she to the cruel foe:—

Vainly turns; he plants the arrow,

And already bends the bow.

Suddenly before his sight

Stands the Spirit of the height.

And his godlike hand extending
As a shield before the prey,
"Must thou," cried he, "even hither
Bring destruction and dismay?
Earth hath room enough for all;
Wherefore doom my herds to fall!"

Hope in God.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

Hope, friend, to-day! to-morrow! and to-morrow still!

And each new morrow! let not doubt depress.

Hope on; and ever as the day dawns o'er the hill,

Let us be prompt to pray as God to bless.

Our faults, poor soul, have brought our woes in punishment;

But let us linger on our knees, and thus When God has finish'd blessing all the innocent, Then the repentant, He may end with us.

flowers.

FROM THE GERMAN OF K. H. SCHWABE.

How many blossoms bright and fair
Beside life's pilgrim-pathway bloom
For all the pilgrims journeying there,
And not in vain they shed perfume;
For all may pluck them on the way,
And wander onward light and gay.

How many pilgrims journey there,

And not in vain they pace the ground;

For each are blossoms bright and fair

Beside life's pilgrim-pathway found.

None sought but found them as he pass'd,

And all may find them to the last.

Fools only, who with sluggish brain
Life's pilgrim-pathway heedless tread,
In sullen humour would complain
How few the blossoms round them spread,

Or that some flowers that adorn Life's pilgrim-way should bear a thorn.

The same great Gardener's hand, 'tis true,

That planted flowers our hearts to cheer,
Hath fashion'd thorns upon them too;

But wherefore should we doubt or fear?

Who culleth flowers with prudent care,
Need never fear the thorns they bear.

Full many flowers that gem the sward,
And sweetly smile, are trodden down,
By men that pass without regard,
Or gaze on distance with a frown.
Who seeketh aye to pierce the skies
Forgets the joys that round him rise.

The wise man wends with steady pace,
In little fear of thorny smart;
And when a flower smiles in his face,
Plucks it with simple, joyous heart.
He thanks the Gardener's care, and then
With vigour plies his staff again.

Thus hour by hour his nosegay grows:

He culleth blossoms of all dyes;

And when at last he finds repose,

Their mingling colours cheer his eyes.

They form a wreath upon his tomb;

He seeks the God who bade them bloom.

The Singer.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

PRYTHEE, fair singer, whose sweet tones excite Within my breast such measureless delight,—
O prythee stay that thrilling melody!
Or I shall think, in my deep ecstasy,
That I have left this scene of care and pain,
And hear in heaven a seraph's liquid strain,—
But to awake, as from a dream of bliss,
And feel earth's evils sharper after this.

On Mealth.

AFTER THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

IF gold and riches would suffice Of lengthen'd life to pay the price, I'd guard my gold with jealous eye; And when I saw Death coming nigh, My lease of life I would renew, And bid him for a while adieu. But since forbearance never can Be bought from Death by mortal man, Why should I strive and toil in vain To heap up wealth with care and pain? If I must die by Fate's decree, Of what avail is gold to me? To leave it to some thankless heir, Who spends my coin, and mocks my care! Nay, let me live while life is mine, And gaily quaff the sparkling wine!

The Arab to his Steed.

FROM THE FRENCH.

The gold of princes 'vaileth not

To part my steed and me;

For what than thou more ardent—what

More beautiful can be?

Black—blacker far than ebony,

Thy coat with lustre gleams,

As water in a pool we see

Whereon the sunlight streams.

When, yielding thee uncheck'd the rein,
I press thee with my knee,
Enraptured I behold thy mane
Like sea-foam dancing free.

In swiftness thy impetuous flanks

The eagle's wings outvie;

And feeble were the serpent's glance

Before the lightning of thine eye.

Thy flight is speedy as the blast:

To thee the airs reply;

They whistle as thou boundest past,

As when mine arrows fly.

Without thine aid, our people's pride

Must bow to humble toil:

Through thee our tents are well supplied

With prisoners and spoil.

But why, as 'neath these rocks we rest,
Quake thus with sudden fear?

Dost think the bold son of the West

Would dare to seek thee here?

Thy fuming nostrils drink the air,

Impatient of delay;

Thy prancing hoofs for flight prepare;

Thy glance exclaims "Away!"

flowers.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHREIBER.

'MID the winter storms we slumber
On the breast of mother Earth;
Fair young angels without number
Call us forth to Springtime's mirth.

Streamlets murmur by us, bringing
Fresh life where their water flows:
Birds awaken us with singing,
Zephyrs lull us to repose.

Tireless Nature weaves us raiment,
Which a hundred hues adorn;
Bridal jewels, without payment,
Forms us from the dews of morn.

On the soft winds sailing o'er us Sweetest fragrances we shed; In the lakes that lie before us Many a flow'ret dips its head. When the wind of winter bends us,

To our mother's breast we creep;

When the storms are gone, she sends us
Back, Spring's holiday to keep.

To a Lady.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

Thine eyes are not of heavenly blue;
Thou hast not lips of roseate hue,
Nor arms and bosom lily-pale.
Man of a springtime never knew,
When thus the rose and lily grew,
Adorning hill and dale,
And over all was spread a sky
To match the colour of thine eye.

The Golden Menn.

FROM THE LATIN OF HORACE.

Life's barque, Licinius, you will better steer, By neither braving always the high seas, 'Nor hugging aye the dangerous shore, in fear Of storms at every breeze.

Whoe'er delighteth in the golden mean,
Would shun a tottering hovel's sordid walls;
Neither, exposed to envy, would be seen
To dwell in lordly halls.

The tall pine oftener feels the tempest's might,
The lofty tower falls with a heavier crash,
And on the cloud-enveloped mountain-height
Descends the lightning's flash.

Hope in adverse, and fear in prosperous days,

Dwells in a breast well school'd to every fate.

The selfsame Power doth winter tempests raise.

And summer reinstate.

Fortune e'er smiles when she hath spent her ire:
If clouded now, life's sun again will glow:
Sometimes Apollo wakes the silent lyre,
Nor always bends the bow.

Amid the storms of life be strong and brave;
And so, when blest with favourable gales,
If in security you'd plough the wave,
Contract your swollen sails.

German Maxims.

O'ER thy ungiven word hold prudent sway, And never fail the given to obey.

Do only good of thine own free intent: Thou must do ill enough that ne'er was meant.

Of others speaks an honest man, Ill when he must, good when he can.

The Rose's Neloved.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.

The Butterfly loveth the bright-blushing Rose,
And flutters about it with kisses untold;
The Sunbeam its love for the Butterfly shows,
And caresses its pinions of purple and gold.

But who is beloved of the Rose, can you say?

For fain would I know whom the Rose deigns to love.

The Nightingale is it, that trills her his lay?

Or the Evening Star, smiling, but silent, above?

I know not the Rose's beloved one:

But I love them all, and love them all well—
The Butterfly, Rose, and Beam of the Sun,
The Star of the Evening and sweet Philomel.

A Neberie.

AFTER THE FRENCH OF SAINT-BEUVE.

'Trs night: on her mysterious throne The Moon is sitting far on high; The stars around in silence roll; As in a calm wide lake, the sky Is mirror'd in my pensive soul.

There, in the waveless flood of thought,—
In that clear lake with golden shore,
The vaulted firmament now lies,
With hues yet softer shaded o'er,
Depicted to my wondering eyes.

At first, in admiration rapt,
That scene I leisurely enjoy:
But soon desire yet more demands;
With the wild rapture of a boy,
I strive to seize it with my hands.

But now to starry dome adieu,

To sky so pure and orbs so bright!

Within my troubled soul from view

Now veil'd is trembling Cynthia's light;

The scene hath lost its heavenly hue.

Hide not, O Cynthia, thy fair face! For now the wild desire hath flown. At length the billows cease to rise; Again my soul, unruffled grown, Becomes the mirror of the skies.

Shall I to seize that lovely scene Disturb anew the tranquil lake? Ah, no! reclining on the shore, Now that no clouds the azure break, I'll dream and dream for evermore.

Enigma.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Behold a bridge of pearls arising
Above the troubled sea on high,
Erected in a single moment,
And towering in the clouded sky.

The largest ships, with loftiest rigging,
Beneath its arch go sailing by;
Yet can it bear no heavy burdens,
And seems as we approach to fly.

'Twas built of water, and it vanish'd,

As when a stream becometh dry:

Then say how was that bridge erected?

Who rear'd its beauteous form on high?

The Swallows.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BÉRANGER.

Captive upon the Moorish coast,
In fetters chafed a warrior bold:
"Ye birds," he cried, "that fly the frost,
Once more your coming I behold!
O swallows, ye can find delight
In this wild realm, and still are free:
From France ye've doubtless wing'd your flight:
Of that dear land will ye not speak to me?

"For three years now have I besought Some tidings of the vale ye'd bear,

Where, happy as in youth, I thought
In simple joys through life to share.
Upon the bend of a clear brook,
Whose stream reflects the lilac-tree,
Ye've seen the cottage I forsook:—
Of that sweet vale will ye not speak to me?

"And some of you perchance were born Beneath the selfsame roof as I:

There of a mother, left to mourn,
Ye must have pitied many a sigh.
Expiring, still she thinks she hears
My step, and fain my face would see,
And listens till she melts to tears:—
Of her fond love will ye not speak to me?

"Say, is my sister married yet?

Have ye beheld the gladsome throng
Of youths to keep the wedding met,
And heard them chant her name in song?

The comrades of my youth, that fought
With me in battle, are they free?

Have all again the village sought?

Of these dear friends will ye not speak to me?

"The foeman o'er their fallen bands,
Mayhap, hath forced a blood-stain'd way;
Within my father's home commands,
And mars my sister's bridal day.
For me no mother prayeth more,
But bondage aye my lot must be:—
O swallows of my native shore,
Of all her grief will ye not speak to me?

Might.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.

Stars with golden feet tread slowly,
Softly, through the realms of Night,
Lest they wake the Earth below them,
Sleeping in the lap of Night.

Liening stands the silent Forest,
With unnumber'd verdant ears:
In a dream the Mountain, stretching
Forth its shadow-arms, appears.

But what sound was that, whose echoes
Through my heart's recesses rang?
Was it my beloved calling,
Or but Philomel that sang?

The Linnets' Nest.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERQUIN.

This linnets' nest is mine at last,

Four pretty nestlings too:

Poor birds, I hold you safe and fast;

Long have I watch'd for you.

Shriek on, rebellious little things:
Your struggles are in vain;
You cannot use such tiny wings
Your freedom to regain.

But hark! their mother's voice I hear:

How mournfully she cries!

And now I see their father near,

Who wildly round me flies.

Ah! could I cause them misery—
I, who in summer days
Love 'neath a shady tree to lie,
And listen to their lays.

If some huge monster had torn me
From my dear mother's breast,
Her grief would ne'er have ceased to be,
Till death had brought her rest.

And shall I, like a monster, take
Your little ones away?
No; your fond hearts I will not break,—
Your pets with you shall stay.

Now teach them in the grove to wing Their early flight along, And train their little throats to sing Your own melodious song.

Next summer when abroad I roam, In calm and sunny days, Oft will I seek your leafy home, To listen to their lays.

Down the Riber.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT.

Calmly we adown the river
Float as in a dream,
While before us moonbeams quiver
Brightly on the stream.

Near those beams, that shine so purely,
Ever sails our boat,
And amid them she must surely
In a moment float.

But the moonbeams, e'er receding,
Will not for us stay:
In the shadow still proceeding,
We must hold our way.

The Marseillaise Hymn.

FROM THE FRENCH.

RISE, sons of France! let naught appal us!

Now is the day of glory nigh:

See, Tyranny comes to enthral us!

Her bloody banner waves on high.

Ferocious hordes, our anger daring,

Are laying waste our fatherland,

And from our homes, with ruthless hand,

Our children and our friends are tearing.

To arms, ye citizens;

And form your dreaded bands!

March on! march on! the foe's foul blood

Shall fertilize your lands.

What would they have, these servile traitors,
Conspiring kings and bandit slaves?

For whom are these ignoble fetters?—

We'll wear them only in our graves!

Frenchmen, are we not free for ever?

Shall tyrants o'er our land exult?

On! on! hurl back the base insult,

Nor leave our children bonds to sever!

To arms, ye citizens, &c.

Ye tyrants, and ye traitors, tremble!
Ye parricides by all abhorr'd,
Who in the foeman's ranks assemble,
Soon shall ye have your just reward.
Our hearts are firm, our hands are steady;
Each man obeys his country's call;
And if for liberty we fall,
Our children for the fight are ready.
To arms, ye citizens, &c.*

^{*} Pity a song, of which this translation conveys but half the spirit and beauty, should have produced so little fruit in the minds of its singers.

The Silence of Sorrow.

AFTER THE GERMAN OF VOSS.

Deserted now, and void of joyous sound,
Dull as a vault, appears this palace-hall,—
These woods once gaily trod, this meadow-ground,
The pleasant seat beside the waterfall,
The blast of Death hath driven forth thy voice,
With melody of loving speech imbued,
That tranced mine ear, and bid my soul rejoice,
Like Philomel's sweet harmony subdued.
Vain hope! that when my day draws to its close,
And o'er the hill life's sun at last shall sink,
Those tones of thine might lull me to repose!
But yet may that loved voice on the grave's brink,
Instead of sounding trumpet, bid me rise,
When carth's last morning dawns upon the skies!

The Mest.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

The sea grew tranquil, like a caldron boiling o'er, As the exciting flames grow gradually lower.

The waves, from land retiring, with yet steaming crest,

Sank back into their monster bed as if to rest.

And the great orb, as slow it dropp'd from cloud to cloud,

A rayless ball hung o'er the billows' noiseless crowd; Then sank till half its form of blood-like hue was

veil'd,

Like ship of fire that in the far horizon sail'd.

The half of heaven grew pale, the light breeze died away,

Till every sail immovable and silent lay;

The shades advanced, and spread their gray, till all the blue,

Upon the sea or in the sky, was hid from view.

Within my soul, which likewise paled to twilight gray,

All sounds of earth had sunk to rest with day; And as in Nature something also seem'd in me To weep and pray, suffer and bless, alternately.

And to the West alone, through door of splendid sheen,

The ebbing light in golden billows might be seen;
While a great purple cloud seem'd tent-like to
enclose,

Itself unburnt, the huge fire that beneath it rose.

The shadows and the winds, the waves of ocean vast, All toward this fiery arch in grand procession pass'd, As if all Nature, with all creatures drawing breath, In losing life appear'd to fear impending death.

Thither o'er earth the rising dust of evening fled,

Thither the white and fleece-like foam o'er ocean

sped;

And my long, sad, involuntary gaze pursued,
From eyes with tears of earnestness, not grief, bedew'd.

Then vanish'd all; my soul grew overcast and dim, And seem'd all void as heaven's newly-darkeu'd rim: But soon one thought—a solitary thought and grand—Rose like a pyramid in midst of desert sand.

Whither, O light! whither, O fire-exhausted ball! Ye shadows, winds, and waves—oh, whither speed ye all?

Dust, foam, and night—and ye, mine eyes—and thou, my soul!

Oh, tell me, if ye know, whither we all do roll!

To Thee, great All, from whom the stars like sparks ascend;

In whom the night, the day, the mind again will end; Vast flow and ebb of life through all infinity,—
Ocean of Being, source and term of all,—to THEE!

Romance.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TIEDGE.

On the mountain above, where the wind bloweth wild, There sitteth young Marian nursing her child:

She tenderly holds it with snowy-white hand,

And eagerly gazes far over the land.

On the wide-reaching prospect her gaze is intent; For thither her loved one, her faithful one went. Erst went he, and came he; now comes he no more; And grief pierces Marian's heart to the core.

The tears sinking silently down in her breast
Are imbibed by the babe that upon it is press'd:
It caresses its mother with infantine hand,
As she eagerly gazes far over the land.

Poor Marian! the bitter wind blows on thee cold. Thy loved one is lost: he was passing the wold; The fays took his hand as they danced on the green, They allured him away—never more was he seen.

On the mountain above, where the wind bloweth wild, There sitteth young Marian, nursing her child. Through the gloom of the evening her mournful eyes roam,

And seek for the one that will never come home.

German Maxims.

From good thou feelest, others' merits learn.

Such be thy life, that when thou shalt expire, That such had been thy life thou wouldst desire.

Cast forethought off, and afterthought For ever will avail thee nought.

To the Violet.

AFTER THE FRENCH OF CONSTANT DUBOS.

Gentle daughter of the Springtime,
Timid lover of the wood,
Shedding round thee sweetest odour,
Shunning aye our gratitude.

Like a prudent benefactor,
Succouring the indigent,
Thou the benefit bestowest,
Seeking no acknowledgement.

Fleeing pomp and admiration,

Thou wouldst ever hide in shade,
Did the eye not seek thy blossom,

By delicious scent betray'd.

Though the feet of men ungrateful Tread to earth thy modest head, Yet, for all retaliation,
Richer fragrance dost thou shed.

Wherefore should not thy soft colours Grace the gayest garden-bowers? Dost thou fear to bloom unheeded 'Fore the radiant Queen of Flowers?

Courage! men of feeling ever
Prize the chaste above the gay:
We admire the glowing noontide,
But we love the dawning day.

Come, I'll place thee in my garden;
Quit this solitary bed,
And I promise every morning
Limpid showers o'er thee to shed.

Nay, what ask I? In this woodland, Cherish'd violet, abide! Happy he who scatters favours, Yet, like thee, his life doth hide.

Happy he whose ready kindness
Thankless men repay with ill;
Yet, like thee, who proffers mildly
Greater good for evil still.

Mny Song.

AFTER THE GERMAN OF VOSS.

OH, the merry month of May!

When the leaves are brightest,
And the blossoms whitest,
And the birds trip on the spray.
Oh, the merry month of May!

Sweetly merry month of May!

Oh, how fair the joyous earth!

While the buds are sprouting,
Into blossoms pouting,
And the butterflies have birth.
Oh, how fair the joyous earth!
Sweetly fair the joyous earth!

Oh, how soft the azure skies!

With the white clouds pendent,

Morn and eve resplendent

In their gold and rosy dyes.

Oh, how soft the azure skies! Sweetly soft the azure skies!

Oh, how fresh the morning air!
While the dew is seething
In the sun, and breathing
Fragrant vapour everywhere.
Oh, how fresh the morning air!
Sweetly fresh the morning air!

Oh, what joyous sounds we hear!

Lambs in meadows bleating,

Birds and bees repeating

Ceaseless music far and near.

Oh, what joyous sounds we hear!

Sweetly joyous sounds we hear!

Oh, what bliss to sit and dream!

Where, o'er weeds and gravel,
Rippling waters travel,
While the fish leap in the stream.
Oh, what bliss to sit and dream;
Sweetest bliss to sit and dream!

The Angel and the Child.

AFTER THE FRENCH OF REBOUL.

-

Beside a cradle stood inclined

An angel passing fair,

And seem'd as in a glass defined,

To view his image there.

- "Sweet child," he said, "so like me now,
 Oh, fly with me away!

 Earth is unworthy such as thou;
 Come join our bright array.
- "In Heaven is bliss without alloy,
 But none beneath the skies:
 Here sadness follows hours of joy,
 And pleasure bringeth sighs.
- "Fear haunteth even festive hours;

 Care standeth by to warn,

 That he who culleth earthly flowers

 Should aye beware the thorn.

- "Though now the sun be shining bright,
 And all the sky be pure,
 Who knoweth but ere morning-light
 Black clouds may heaven obscure?
- "And should that brow, so fair to view,
 Be marr'd by grief and fears?
 And should those orbs of heavenly blue
 Be dimm'd by bitter tears?
- "Oh no! up through the fields of space Come hasten with me hence: Thy pilgrimage in this sad place Doth God in grace dispense.
- "Let none in thy abode appear
 In mourning robes of earth;
 Let thy last hour be welcomed here
 As gladly as thy birth.
- "Let not thy chamber lie in gloom,

 Let sunlight enter free;

 Let none stand shuddering o'er thy tomb.

 The gate of heaven to thee.

"Let not an eye be wet with tears,
And not a brow o'ercast;
For to the pure in infant years
The best day is the last."

And waving his white wings in air,

The angel heavenward sped,

And bore that sweet soul with him there . . .

Mother, thy child is dead!

Beauty.

FROM THE GERMAN.

If thou hast never seen beauty irradiant with gladness, Then hast thou never seen happiness:

If thou hast never seen beauty in moments of sadness, Then hast thou never seen loveliness.

The Fair Prospect.

AFTER THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT.

From God's hand earth in beauty came,
And from a handful of its mould
The man, with reasoning soul, He made,
Its beauty further to unfold.

That spot in Eden not alone

Grew still more beautiful and fair,

Where the first lovers made their home,

And planted beds of flowers rare;

All earth more loveliness displays

Now gardens, fields, and houses stand,

Planted and built by man, upon its face,

That all might be an Edenland.

No fairer regions earth can show

Than those with cultivation spread,
By human labour planted o'er,
By human kind inhabited.

The prospect had less charm for man,
Were boats not floating on the tide,
And did no rustic cottage stand
In valley and on mountain side.

The sheep-bells tinkling on the lea

Complete the hymn of Nature's choir;

And o'er the trees how fair to see

The church's heavenward-pointing spire!

Yea, e'en the plot of flower-deck'd graves
May seem a bright and lovely spot,
If, like a gleesome child at play,
We heed its mournful purpose not.

The Sleeping Sorrow.

AFTER THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT.

I have a sorrow dwelling

Here deep within my breast,

Asleep, but ever ready

To waken from his rest.

And when he wakes from slumber,
And when he looks on me,—
Oh, then with dark clouds cover'd
A summer day I see.

Mine eyes upon his fixing, I gaze into them deep; His every look I drink in, Until he falls asleep,—

Until his tear-fringed eyelids
Are closed again in rest,
And he again is lying
Asleep within my breast.

How joy in life prevaileth,

How great the power of bliss,

That tenderly it veileth

A sorrow like to this!

That life's pure gold of gladness
One grief can scarce alloy,
And that a single sadness
But serves to season joy!

'Tis thus that while it teacheth What deeper woes may be,
Still ample room it leaveth
To shelter sympathy.

In Expostulation.

SUGGESTED BY A PORTUGUESE POEM.

YE woes that dwell within my breast,
And batten on my heart,
I pray you take a little rest,
If ye will not depart.

If ye devour so greedily

The food ye feed upon,

Beware lest ye too speedily

May find your nurture gone.

Why hurry on the torture so,

Nor take a moment's breath?

In hastening mine, do ye not know

Ye hasten your own death?

Think not another heart is doom'd

To nourish such as ye!

Nay, when I die with heart consumed,

Ye too must die with me.

If ye would live, insatiate brood,
Economize your prey;
And think, that as ye waste your food,
Ye waste your lives away.

The Burden.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT.

A BURDEN'D man oft have I seen,
Whose pace with singing light has been
Through lonely fields bereft of green,
In winter when no warbler sung,
And not a tree with bloom was hung.

What burden art thou bearing, say! So often resting on thy way,
Appearing sad in blithesome May,
Deaf to the cuckoo's joyous cry,
Without an echo passing by?

Before the Doors.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT.

For admittance I knock'd at the portal of Wealth; And he threw me a penny to drink to his health.

Then I sought out Love's dwelling, and knock'd at his door;

But before me were waiting a score or two more.

At the castle of Honour I call'd in my course; But they open'd there only to knight on his horse.

I sought at the cabin of Labour relief; But found in it only privation and grief.

I inquired for Contentment's calm residence then; But the spot where it stood was unknown among men.

But I yet know a house, though a small one it be; At its door I will knock till they open to me.

Though already it sheltereth many a guest,

There is room in the grave yet for all to find rest.

The Pilgrim.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Still my springtime sun was shining
When I started forth to roam,
Youthful pleasures all resigning
As I left my father's home.

With my wealth I gladly parted,
Threw behind all I possess'd;
Then on pilgrim staff departed
Cheerfully with childlike zest.

For a high hope led me onward,

And a spirit-stirring creed:
"On!" it cried! "thy way is sunward;

Ever toward the Orient speed!

"On, till at a golden portal
Thou arrivest: enter there;
Then the earthly shall immortal
Grow, and all be heavenly fair."

Evening came, and morn succeeded;

Never, never did I stay:

Ever still, as I proceeded,

What I sought was far away.

In my way rose mountain-ridges,
Rivers hemm'd my toiling feet:
O'er the gorges threw I bridges,
O'er the currents broad and fleet.

By a river, swiftly gliding

Toward the Sunrise, now I stood:
In its guidance full confiding,

Straight I leap'd into the flood.

On its rolling waves it bore me

To a far-extending sea:—

Now a wide waste lies before me,

Nearer nought the goal to me.

Here, alas! no bridge ascendeth,

And the heaven, bright and clear,
Ne'er to meet the earth down-bendeth,
And the There is never Here!

Yomer.

AFTER THE FRENCH OF LACHAMBEAUDIE.

ONE evening, when the sun, declining fast, Broad sheets of golden light o'er nature cast, Homer lay sleeping on a mossy bed, His silent lyre hung on a tree o'erhead. Amid a dream perchance of Trojan strife, Or some new vision of Olympian life, A pleasant murmur on his hearing broke, And with a sudden start the bard awoke. A butterfly upon his lyre-strings caught, With fluttering wings its freedom vainly sought. Homer, with piteous eye, beheld its fate: "Poor wretch," said he, "my succour were too late To save thee; thou hast lost the heavenly grains, That held thy wayward flight above the plains; Yet on those silvery chords thy death is sweet, While such harmonious sounds thy senses greet. Herein a symbol of my life I view! For poesy I bid the flight adieu,

That leads men on to wealth and earthly store; And now behold me friendless, old, and poor! But I shall die in wonderful delight, Singing of beauty and heroic might, Perchance while zephyrs passing o'er my lyre, Shall waft to immortality its fire."

Epigram.

AFTER THE GREEK.

To win a prudent woman's heart,
Play not a cringing captive's part;
Nor yet, in overweening pride,
Assume the victor by her side;
But let all thy demeanour be
The mean of manly courtesy.
Respect to woman is her due,
And from her thine, if thou art true.

The Boy beside the Brook.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

By a brook a boy was sitting,

Weaving flowers in garlands gay;

Then beheld them carried swiftly

By the dancing waves away.

So my life is ever passing,

As the stream is running by;

So my youthful hopes are carried,

Like the flowers, to fade and die.

Ask me not why I am mournful
In the bloom of my career!
All is joyous, all is hopeful,
In the Springtide of the year;
But these thousand tongues of Nature
Waking from her Winter rest,
But a heavy woe awaken
In the hollow of my breast.

What can all the joys avail me
Fairy Springtide may display?
There is one I seek for vainly:
She is near, but distant aye.
Yearning are mine arms extended
Toward that vision fair and mild;
But, alas! I cannot grasp it,
And my heart is beating wild.

Epigram.

AFTER THE GREEK.

MERE prettiness of face allures, But only native grace secures: The bait without the hook is vain; It may be lost, but cannot gain.

The Leaf.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ARNAULT.

"Wither, thou restless leaf, away?"—
"I cannot tell. A tempest blew
Upon the oak whereon I grew,
And swept me from my sole support.
Now I am toss'd about, the sport
Of zephyr light and stormy gale,
From wood to plain, from hill to dale.
Through wet or dry, o'er mire or dust,
I fly before each fitful gust.
I go where'er the winds may turn,
Without complaint, without concern.
I go where each thing earthly goes,
Where goes the laurel-leaf and rose."

Song of the Captibe.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

How joyous and gay,
O lark, is thy lay!

It quivers and swells with delight.
Thou settest me free;
I carol with thee,
And join in thy heavenward flight.

Oh, why dost thou end
That strain, and descend
To hide thee in meadows below?
My song too is o'er;
No longer I soar,
But sink into shadow and woe!

Autumn.

AFTER THE FRENCH OF CHARLES DIDIER.

The dead and fallen leaves embrown the vale;
Bare are the hills, and silent all the woods;
The sun, devoid of warmth, rayless and pale,
Above the cloud-veil broods.

The earth has closed her kind maternal breast;
The flowers have vanish'd, and the vines are sear;
The swollen streams bear on in sad unrest
The ruins of the year.

Men say the fields now cease to yield delight:

Alas! I fear me, never to return

Hath fled the time when my young heart the flight

Of summer days did mourn.

Yea, now I better love cold Autumn's frown,
When singing-birds regret the sunny Spring,
And from the forest wither'd falls the crown
Beneath the breeze's wing.

I love the bleak bare woods, the sombre wild,
When Zephyr from the wrath of Boreas flies;
And with the fierce breath of this Northern child
I love to mingle sighs.

Spring smiles in me have changed to Autumn tears;
For me the flowers of joy have ceased to blow;
And though my life is yet but short in years,
Alas! 'tis long in woe.

There are deep griefs and unseen miseries,

That with their gnawing fangs consume the heart;

And vain to soothe are then the casual sighs

That from the bosom start.

These inward griefs the world can never know:

Its pity but for patent ills is shown.

The heart devour'd by a long hidden woe

Stands on the earth alone.

O hapless fellow-mortals, sorrow-worn,

To whom to live is ever but to grieve,

Tell not the pangs by which your breast is torn,

For men will not believe.

The cold compassion of the human race

Falls in the breast to chill, like winter dew.

The wounded heart should be a holy place,

Veil'd from the vulgar view.

And when bleak Autumn comes to reign o'er earth,
Confide your sorrows to the savage wood:
By that, bereft of all its life and mirth,
Ye may be understood.

To the Storm-Wind.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT.

MIGHTY one, bowing the trees on thy course, Rushing upon them with terrible force,— Onward, thou stormy one—onward, thou strong! Carry my storm-raging bosom along.

Oh, like the clouds that the thunder has riven, Tremblingly borne on thy pinions through heaven, Bear thou my soul from its dwelling of clay, On through infinity storming away!

Bear me away where the terrified world Into destruction and fragments is hurl'd Over the fragments, with shuddering zest, Godlike arises my quivering breast!

Virtue and Fortune.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Virtue alone for ever shineth bright:
All other things must fade or pass away;
But Virtue yields an everlasting might;
E'en death is nought to those who own her sway.
Virtue ennobles, dignifies the mind
Above the crowd who bow to Fortune's will—
That fickle jade, to merit ever blind,
Dispensing at her pleasure good or ill.
Though Fortune raise a serf to lofty grade,
Or to a base and ignominious name
Accord a transient blaze of earthly fame,
We ne'er could have a Cato by her aid:
Such to produce her wayward tricks were vain,
For Virtue never follow'd in her train.

The Rainbow.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT.

Where on earth the rainbow resteth, Stands a golden chalice bright: He that goes there may behold it, Clear and radiant to the sight.

With a wine of heaven that chalice E'er is full and brimming o'er: He that haply drinketh of it, Suffereth from thirst no more.

Hither, thither, late and early,

Have I sought the radiant spot

Where on earth the rainbow resteth;

But attain it could I not.

Never, never could I reach it,—
Never taste the heavenly wine:
Still unquench'd within me burneth,
Still will burn this thirst of mine.

Co Leisure.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Leisure, oh where art thou? At morn I sigh for thee;

By day thy absence troubles and oppresses me;

The evening comes—thou art not near;
I long for night, to hold my vigils by thy light;
But then, alas! comes sleep and dims my weary sight,
Ere thou dost to mine eyes appear.

Leisure, dost thou beside some purling streamlet lie,
Within a cool cave, while clear waters murmur by?

Is earth indeed thy dwelling-place?
Or leaving Psyche all alone by day to weep,
Never dost thou descend, but on the wings of sleep

To meet thy lover's fond embrace?

O graceful sylph, on earth do thy light pinions stray In still hours, while lone Phœbus visits on his way The shepherd in the woodland maze? Or hast thou ta'en thy farewell flight above, Remaining in the hearts held captive by thy love But as a dream of bygone days?

O Leisure, hear my prayer! Upon the tide of life
But yesterday embark'd, already by the strife
Of fiercely raging wind and sea,
'Mid rocks, without a helm, beneath a sky o'ercast,
My boat is toss'd and driven; my sails moan to the
blast,

And my young arms droop wearily.

If thou wouldst only deign to bend thine eyes on me, Beneath thy glance the howling tempest soon would flee,

And smiles beam on the face of day;
Light breezes through the air refreshingly would float;
The billows, tranquillized, would gently rock my boat,
As murmuring they died away.

Oh, then, with brow upon my moveless oar reclined,

The gentle rocking of my boat before the wind

Would I enjoy for evermore;

Or lie extended in my boat, and fix on high My dreamy gaze, till mingling with the azure sky My wide-expanding soul would soar.

And then to Leisure and her charms my songs should rise.

Her careless smiles, soft tears that glisten in her eyes, Tears without cause and void of grief,—

Her voice that sings unto an ivory lute's soft sound,
While pleasure beams upon her brow, by glory
crown'd,

Flowers mingled with the laurel-leaf.

But Leisure, while I call, has vanish'd from my sight, E'en as a bird that hears the hunter, wings its flight, Or as a bubble one would seize.

Time reawakens, and my task begins anew;
Then meditation, silence, solitude, adieu!
Leisure, adieu! farewell, soft Ease!

Original Poems.



Buried Talents.

How many a man from early youth has felt
Some faculty within his bosom dwelt,
That promised fairly to inscribe his name
Upon the golden register of fame;
Yet has he died but little loved or known,
And left upon his grave a common stone,
Where, with a name obscure, two dates are seen
Of birth and death, and all is blank between.
By this alone scant record may be kept
Of one few pitied, and still fewer wept.

Yea, thousands now are wasting powers and life, Who might be victors in this earthly strife; Who feel the fitful wish, possess the skill, To conquer, and but lack the constant will. From day to day they still procrastinate, And hope to rule without subduing fate. Delusive hope! as if without their aid God's drama upon earth could ne'er be play'd; And though they practise not, or even learn, They still must play a bright part in their turn.

He that from stones had power to raise up seed To Abraham, of no man's works hath need; For though He giveth talents unto men For use and increase, be it one or ten, Yet men alone are profited by use Of these, and suffer loss by their abuse; And he that buries talents in the earth, Doth lose them and their undeveloped worth. Perchance, by modesty he deems their growth Is check'd;—nay, 'tis by cowardice and sloth.

Up, man! exert thy diligence and thrift;
Augment the value of thy Master's gift!
And when He shall require the profit made,
Think not to answer: "Lord, I was afraid,
And went and hid Thy talent in the ground:
Lo, there Thou hast Thine own as it I found!"
"Tis not His own for Him He will demand,
But thine for thee He'll look for at thine hand.
Up, idler! put thy talents out to use,
And plead not diffidence in thy excuse.
Think not, of many thou mayst waste e'en one,
Or that with few no service may be done:
None hath too few to bring him ample gain,
And none too many to possess in vain.

To a Uleeping Child.

FAIR child, so sweetly blossomingIn youth's glad sunny light,Even thy tears like showers in springAre ever warm and bright.

For never did thy little heart

Feel true abiding grief,

But findeth from each transient smart

A swift and sure relief.

A little while, and in thine eye
The glow shall reappear,
Ere yet upon its lash can dry
The last small glistening tear.

Thy joyous prattle shall be heard,
Thy silver laugh shall ring,
Griefless as notes of singing-bird
With dew-besprinkled wing.

Ah! how unlike is grief and glee In us of riper years, Whose very laughter oft may be Far sadder than thy tears.

And for our woe: 'twere better far

Death took thee young and fair,

Than let thee know what some griefs are,

And bear what some men bear.

Epigram.

Scoundrels bring thee reputation
In attempting defamation
By the tongue or pen:
But all powers of Heaven defend thee
When a knave seeks to commend thee
Unto honest men!

The Four Brothers.

Four brothers, in the month of May, Roam forth to spend their holiday, And through the dale, and o'er the hill They wander here and there at will. At first with merry skip and bound, As if unheeding all around, Together gaily they proceed, Like playful lambs that prance the mead. But human will disturbs ere long The concord of the youthful throng; And growing tired of simple glee, The eldest quits the other three To hunt for birds' nests in a copse. Soon in the rear a second stops, And climbs a tree, that tempts him now To have a swing upon a bough. Then to a brook a third must stray, To catch the minnows as they play. But still the fourth, an innocent And gentle child, remains content

Amid the pleasant fields to roam, And gather flowers to carry home.

Thus all the afternoon is pass'd,
Till one by one, fatigued at last,
They reach their home ere close of day,
From various sport, by various way.
First, with his flowers, the little boy
Receives a kiss of thanks with joy.
Then meets the dabbler in the brook,
All wet and soil'd, a sharp rebuke.
The climber next, with garments rent,
Arrives to suffer punishment.
But worse awaits the cruel lad,
Who ruthlessly could render sad
The harmless birds, and bear away
Their eggs, like savage bird of prey.

Boys are but miniatures of men:
Look round, and to your mental ken
A counterpart will soon appear
To each whose deeds are written here.
Mark the ambitious man, and see
In him the climber of the tree:

He cannot gain the long'd-for goal,
And yet preserve his conscience whole.
The fisher's part in evil plays
The man whom sensual pleasure sways:
Who dabbles in the mire in vain,
Would keep his heart devoid of stain.
In rogues that seek by fraud or stealth,
Or graver wrong, to gather wealth,
We see exaggerated, him
Who stole the birds' eggs for his whim.

Would, reader, our career might be
Not one or other of these three!
But rather may his lot be ours
Who in the meadows gather'd flowers:
So shall we, when life's stroll is o'er,
Attain our heavenly Parent's door
With posies of good deeds, to win
A welcome smile and fond "Come in!"

The Cemetery Gate.

SUGGESTED BY A FRENCH POEM.

Beside the cemetery gate

A poor old woman stands,

And begs from early day till late

For alms, with clasped hands.

She speaks with feeble, broken breath, And murmurs many a prayer; Seeming as one forestalling Death, Come forth to meet him there.

Beside his prison-wall she stands

To watch the funerals go,

With plumèd hearse and sable bands,

And all the pomp of woe.

She sees the mourners by the bier Of partner, parent, child; Fictitious weepers, void of tear, And those with anguish wild. She wonders who would come to weep,
If she were laid below;
Yet gladly in the mould would sleep,
If God but will'd it so.

Old, poor, and friendless, she can find, In all the city round, No place so pleasant to her mind As that sad spot of ground.

Out in the busy street or mart She meets but chilling scorn; But here finds pity in the heart Of some, like her, forlorn.

They'll miss her from the gate some day,
And ask where she is gone;
When some one in reply may say:
"A little further on."

Modesty.

OF all the flowers that scent the vernal air,
And breathe upon the sense perfumed delight,
The modest violet, that shunneth sight,
Is dear unto our heart beyond compare.
Of all the vocal feather'd race, who share
The minstrel's office, and to joy invite,
Coy Philomela trills unseen at night
A music to our soul most sweet and rare.
So, too, we deem the maiden in whom blends
With beauty modesty and simple grace,
The loveliest amid her fair compeers;
While unassuming, chaste demeanour lends
Attraction e'en to the least-favour'd face,
That passeth not away with changing years.

Tis Snd to See.

'TIS sad to see on summer day
The late unclouded sky
Grown gloomy with the leaden gray
Of thunder-clouds on high.

'Tis sad to see the yellow grain,
That promised food in store,
Down-batter'd by the furious rain,
And rotting to the core.

'Tis sad to see a sturdy oak,

That mock'd the storm-wind's ire,

All riven by a lightning-stroke,

And fit but for the fire.

'Tis sad to see a well-known place,
Where dear friends once abode,
Bereft of each familiar face
To which its charms were owed.

'Tis sad to see a youthful form,
In which the healthful breath
But late was pulsing, quick and warm,
Grown stiff and chill in death.

But sadder far than all to see

A fair young girl, whose breast
Hath bid adieu to chastity,

And made for sin a nest.

Vice may with ugliness agree,
But beauty is a shrine,
Where man would through humanity
Look up to the Divine.

Alliterntibe Lines.

FLOWERS IN EARLY SPRING.

YOUTHFUL is the year now, and as yet the Spring-born flowers 'mid sprouting verdure sprinkled, Charming in their childhood, feel the chill winds Blowing on them bleakly: and the blithe sun, Weak as yet to warm them, still is welcome, When it peeps at whiles from out the white clouds.

Cheerless in the chill Spring is your childhood, Radiant flowers that rise from Winter's ruins; Newly-risen Nature, still half nude, is Sympathizing sadly in your sufferings: Weeps the fleecy welkin, moans the woodland; Meandering brooklets murmur ruthful mournings, Wail the lowly willows by their waters; Hoarse trees utter hollow sobs to hear the Violet's gentle voice sigh in the valley.

Patience! now unpitying gales may pierce you, Life may offer little to delight in; But in time shall bliss be wed to beauty. Flowers! ye yet will flourish, when hath fled the Bitter wind that biteth your frail bosoms,

Soon will come the sunny time of summer;

Daily then shall dainty blossoms deck you;

Shining rays and showers refresh your shootlets;

Glistening dew your gleaming petals gladden;

Birds' sweet carols, borne on zephyrs balmy,

Tales of love in tenderest accents tell you;

Joy attend you June all through and July,

All day long in August, till in Autumn

Gaunt Death comes to gather up his garland.

So ye youthful sad hearts, worn with sorrows,— Spirits now desponding,—like the Spring flowers, May have left you many joys in manhood.

The Dead Babes of Spitalfields.

["In one part of this burial-place (Victoria Park Cemetery) a large space is set apart for the graves of the children of the working classes. . . One of these graves will hold about twenty bodies in layers."—The Builder.]

Poor little corpses! there ye sleep
By dozens in a common bed;
Some haply down two fathoms deep,
Some higher, just beneath the tread.

And can this monster human hive
Afford no meeter burial-spot,
That cramp'd for space while yet alive,
E'en in the grave ye find it not?

Could ye not in this costly clay

Each win a grave e'en as your own,

Where friends might come to weep and pray,

And raise the pious record-stone?

Hath London earth become so dear,

Have human feelings grown so cheap,

That o'er her dead babe, pack'd down here,

A mother knows not where to weep?

But ye were poor, and low of birth:

What matters how in death ye lie?

Ye were not born the heirs of earth:

Should ye possess it when ye die?

In boyish days I used to dream

That London streets were all of gold:

The fancy not so false I deem,

When men so spare its cheaper mould.

Shame on our hard humanity,

Worn callous with our trades and marts,

That can profane the sanctity

Of human graves and weeping hearts!

Poor babes! at some far-distant day, When charity may bloom again, Ye'll form a record in this clay Of nineteenth-century Englishmen. Ye'll mark the time when heart and brain
No longer kept their native worth,
And myriads, in their lust of gain,
Ignored all grief and love and mirth.

But ye had souls, and it is well

Earth had not custody of them;—

How many a soul hath here a shell

That yet shall wear a diadem!

Oh happy souls! the realms of Love
For such as ye have ample room;
And ye shall ne'er regret above
That your cold corpses lack a tomb.

Co my Friend C. L. J.

AFTER HIS PERIODICAL VISIT TO LONDON IN 1860.

So thou art gone, dear friend, that, comet-wise,
Dost flash on my mind's heaven just once a year,
And wake old memories while thou art near
Of earlier days, when in my mental skies
Thy welcome face would often set and rise,

A constantly-illuming planet-sphere.

But, ah! unlike heaven's orbs, a body here Too often from its ancient orbit flies.

I fear me we two through life's peopled space Ne'er in concentric paths again may start;

For in this nether realm's chaotic race Attraction varies in the human heart:

A new pursuit or home, a maiden's face, Alas! hath power the dearest friends to part.

A Child's Petition.

A LITTLE girl, scarce five years old,
Grew sick well-nigh to death,
And, lying in her little cot,
Drew heavily her breath.

Her mother, watching by the couch,

Knelt down at times to pray,

And mutely begg'd God would not take

Her little one away.

And when she thought her treasure slept,
Grown earnest with her grief,
She murmur'd gently once a prayer,
To give her soul relief.

But still the child half-dozing lay
Upon her tiny bed,
And overheard in silent awe
Much that the suppliant said.

Then, as her parent rose again,

She said, in earnest tone:

"O mother, do you think that I

Must go to heaven alone?"

"Alone, my pet! nay, say not so;
For the good God is there,
And round about his golden throne
Are angels mild and fair."

"But, mother," said the little one,
"I should not like to leave
You, father, and my sisters dear,
And all my friends to grieve."

"Dear child," the weeping mother said,
"I would not have you go;
But yet God's holy will be done,
If He hath will'd it so.

"He'll be your father up on high;
In Christ a friend you'll find;
His mother Mary will be yours,
The seraphs sisters kind."

"But still," replied the innocent,
"Their faces would be strange:
I know you all, and love you so,
I have no wish to change.

"I'll pray to God to let me stay,
To learn a great deal more
Of Him and heaven, and let me come
When you have gone before."

Think not these infant words profane:

That prayer was heard above;

The child grew well, and daily learnt

To know the God of love.

And when in after-years again
On dying-bed she lay,
No mother watching by her then,
She pray'd she might not stay.

Slander.

Though slanderer's tongue, with venom rife, Would seek to poison thy fair life, Let the base reptile hiss alone, And he will injure but his own; As, madden'd by unsated spite. Some serpents will unwitting bite Their own foul forms, when they have fail'd To harm a nobler prey assail'd. If thou canst tame the hooded snake, Or of the carrion-eater make A gentle dove, then seek to teach The slanderer to recall his speech. Let him alone: by every word Thou sayst his poison-glands are stirr'd; And in encounter he may take Advantage of some move thou'lt make. Go meet a ravenous lion's rage, Or combat with a tiger wage; Yet undishonour'd turn thy back Upon a hissing snake's attack.

Wish and Will.

Wish is a goodnatured fairy,

Flitting gaily o'er the earth,

Frolicksome, and light and airy,

But of little strength or worth.

Powerless for a great endeavour,
Seldom in one humour long,—
Much of good she doeth never,
If she doeth little wrong.

Will is an impetuous giant,
Strong of nerve and big of bone;
Yet too headstrong and defiant
When he wandereth alone.

But he hath a sister DUTY,
Who can lead him clear of ill,—
Excellent in worth and beauty
As in might the giant WILL.

He is meek before her order

As a mastiff to a child;

But as bold to aid and guard her

As a lion in the wild.

For, despite his rugged breeding, He respects the gentle maid; And if men invoke her leading, She is prompt to render aid.

Know you not her present station,
Ask of Conscience—she will tell:
You must know her habitation,
And she knoweth Duty well.

The Mind of Man.

When I gaze up at night, and think that men
Can grasp the method of the planet-spheres,—
Can gauge their bulk, their distance, and their
years,

How mean this one small globe appeareth then! But presently, when I look down again,

And think that in a waterdrop inheres

A world that never to man's eye appears, How far this vast earth seems beyond my ken.

Thus, 'twixt the moral vastly great and small Man hovers, and, in tending either way,

Will seraph-like ascend, or worm-like crawl, The spirit ever warring with the clay.

At whiles how high we rise, how low we fall; What loftiness, what meanness men display!

The Pioneers.

The pioneers who settled

This colony of earth,

Were men of mighty valour,

And men of lofty worth.

From Adam down to Milton
What giant deeds were done,
And o'er the wilds of evil
What victories were won!

What a tangled, gloomy forest
Of ignorance to fell;
What noxious brutes and reptiles
To slay in every dell!

How many roving creatures

To capture and subdue;

What ground to break and level,

And urge the ploughshare through!

The labour was done bravely,
And left a fertile soil,
And we enjoy the profit
Of centuries of toil.

Yet we too have our duties,

To reap and sow and till,

Some lurking snakes to smother,

Some brutes to tame or kill.

We have rivers yet to deepen,
And highways yet to plan,
And pleasure-grounds to plant out
For the benefit of man.

The work is not heroic

As the noble deeds of yore,
But as needful for our welfare

As if none were done before.

If we stood still and idle,

And gazed with folded hands,

The wilderness and forest

Would come back upon the lands.

The Frost.

When snow lies thick o'er wood and field,
And all around is chill,
And, by the bitter frost congeal'd,
The stream is deathly still;
Yet under nature's frigid shell
How life doth aye abound:
The surface yieldeth to the spell;
The heart beats underground.

And so the freezing wind of woe

May chill the outward man,

Till none would deem that deep below

A tide of feeling ran;

But let affection's genial ray

Dissolve the frozen crust,

And we may see the heart display

A wealth of joy and trust.

Sweets und Bitters.

The sweet preserve, for lack of care,
Will turn to acid in a jar;
And wine most delicate and rare
Will breed the sharpest vinegar.

How little man doth care to think,

The sourcest flavour must succeed

From sweetest food and sweetest drink,

If taken without bound or heed.

So out of pleasures in excess

Resulting pain hath certain birth;

And he most truly knows distress,

Who most abuses joy on earth.

The bitter draught, the bitter food,
Leave wholesome appetite behind,
As surely as the sober mood
Must bring assimilative mind.

When into acids sweets ferment,

The bitter alkali corrects the fault;

And from the twain, in union blest,

Results the harmless, wholesome salt.

So when undue delights of sense
Shall end at length in certain pain,
The bitter tears of penitence
Restore the spirit's health again.

Pain.

THANK Heaven for this returning pain,
That warneth me to rest again.
"Thank Heaven for pain!" some sufferer cries,
And lifts his brows in rash surprise.
But think awhile, impatient man;
Know all is good in nature's plan
But our own souls; for these alone
Are free to err, and e'er have shown,
That those who blame their Maker's rule
Are powerless their own breasts to school.

Thank Heaven for pain! the warning sign That telleth aye of health's decline,
And nature's struggle to ensure,
With man's own aid, a speedy cure.
Thank Heaven for pain! let all men cry
Who value life, or fear to die.
Let pain be banish'd from the earth,
And what were our existence worth?
How fiends would dance, and Death would grin,
To see the fell disease within

Slow sapping all the life away,
While man went careless on and gay,
Unconscious of his coming doom
Until he trod upon his tomb.

Thank Heaven for pain! that daily saves
Its thousands from untimely graves;
An angel-messenger—nay, more;
For angels were sent down of yore
To warn mankind, and spoke in vain
To those who would have heeded pain.

Yea, greater wonders pain hath wrought,
Than all that wisest men have taught;
And while it makes the body whole,
Proves oft a purger of the soul.
The prodigal whose health and years
Were squander'd, while a mother's tears
And father's prayers unheeded fell,
Hath oft obey'd its potent spell.

Pain as a teacher first appears,
Appealing to man's hopes and fears
Of good or evil yet to be
In time and through eternity;
Next as a judge, severe and stern
To him who may refuse to learn;

And should he wilfully despise
The earlier, lighter penalties,
And reformation still defer,
Pain turneth executioner.
But yet in mercy it invites
To penitence the while it smites;
And often proveth, even then,
A minister of good to men:
Who mock'd it as a judge, at least
May, dying, hear it as a priest.

To my Tobacco-jar.

I LOVE thee, old Tobacco-jar,
All lidless though thou be,
And though some ugly flaws may mar
Thy proper symmetry.

For since we've met thou'st ever been
A kinder friend to me
Than any human soul, I ween,
And still art prompt to be.

Thou'st borne me company at night,

Till thou at length hast grown

An old companion in my sight,

Although thou art of stone.

Of stone, I say;—but yet are men Insensible as thou, Or I had never wielded pen So listlessly as now. Had I but won from human heart Such right good sooth and cheer As thou dost frequently impart, Life had not been so drear.

Well, never mind, my ancient friend,
What care we for the world,
While round about our heads ascend
The smoky clouds upcurl'd.

There's comfort yet in thee, old jar,

And life is yet in me;

Though well I know that what we are

Is not what we should be.

But 'twere as vain to wish thee whole,
And lidded as of yore,
As to desire to see my soul
What it hath been before.

We'll hold together while we may,
Until some ruder blow
Shall doom us to our native clay,
Where all of earth must go.

To the Same,

BROKEN INTO FRAGMENTS BY A FALL.

Alas, old friend, my heedless touch
Hath dash'd thee to the floor!
There, shatter'd, thou canst teach me much
Thou never couldst before.

Wert thou not fashion'd to this end,
As blossoms bloom to die?
Or as the vapour to descend
Is lifted toward the sky?

No marvel that the earthward-prone Should fall to earth at last, When every day that it hath known Is but a danger past.

Ah! frail as thy poor brittle clay

The tenure of our breath:

Our life is pendent from a spray;

We gravitate to death.

Amid the winds and shocks of fate
By little hold we sway:
Our stalk grows weaker 'neath a weight
Increasing day by day.

The very care we take to live Consumes the vital power; And in our ignorance we give A day to gain an hour.

Yet what is living, but to spend

The breath that we would save?

And what is dying, but to end

A journey to the grave?

We travel on, and twist and turn
To lengthen out our path,
And seek to shun, ere we discern,
The goal our being hath.

Or like a timid stricken hart,
Panting and sore distress'd,
We strive to fly death's poison'd dart,
But bear it in our breast.

Or like a wounded bear, mayhap,
We rage and beat the ground
To smother pangs, and can but snap
The arrow in the wound.

Why all man's longing for new years,
Whose need with death is flown?
Why all his idle hopes and fears
For gain or loss unknown?

Is it, that he will squander this,
And pledge the coming day;
And then in dying fears to miss
What ne'er was his to pay?

Good-bye, old jar! thy course is o'er;
But thoughts are waked by thee,
Not to be lull'd, as some of yore,
By thy kind ministry.

Had I borne aye my part as thou,I'd die without regret;Requiring no fresh lifetime nowTo pay a lifelong debt.

Acrostic.

May thy life be gilt with gladness,
And be never dimm'd by sadness.
Rose-like doth thy sweet soul shower
Incense round thee every hour:
Ah, dear Rose, may dew and zephyr
Nourish and refresh thee ever;
Nipping breezes never bend thee;
Earth as a kind mother tend thee;
Radiant Love his sunshine grant thee;
Old grim Death at last transplant thee
Safely to the heavenly bowers,
Aye to bloom 'mid fairest flowers!

3 Farewell.*

Good-bye, tobacco! the decree
By pain at last is spoken,
To end a fellowship with thee
Death else had found unbroken.

Thee, of my life so great a part,
I yield for what remaineth:
I give thee up to save a heart
Where love of thee still reigneth.

Had fairer winds through life been mine,
Had health and strength been sounder,
Beneath so slight a weight as thine
I had not fear'd to founder.

^{*} These stanzas were written on complying with the stronglyurged advice of a medical friend, to discontinue the habit of tobacco-smoking as injurious to health. To non-smokers and to ladies an apology may be due for their insertion: devoted smokers will sympathize in the expression of heart-felt regret.

'Tis known but to thy devotees

How hard from thee to sever;

But it must be, since pain decrees;

And so, farewell for ever!

The mariner that flings his freight

To bribe the greedy ocean,—

A swimmer leaving to her fate

The wife that clogs his motion,— ...

The Northern Count that cast his son
To wolves behind loud yelling,—
Might estimate a respite won
By cost beyond all telling.

But it must be, and the last ash
Upon the hearth I scatter;
And there, as 'twere mere useless trash,
My empty pipe I shatter.

The Child of Song.

'Mid mindless things where sounds the cheering lay?

Not in the serpent's hiss or tiger's growl,

Not in the frog's harsh croak, or jackal's howl,

Not in the hog's rude grunt or ass's bray;

Not in the voice of aught that 'mid earth's clay

Doth trudge or wallow, burrow, creep or prowl,—

Of aught prone-gazing, fierce, uncouth, or foul,

To earth, as but of earth, confined for aye.

No; not from such as these is music heard, But from the wingèd native of the air,

That men might learn from the harmonious bird, Blithe, upward-soaring, innocent and fair, Duly to prize the gift on bards conferr'd, And these their proper part on earth to bear.

The Lark in the Cage.

In the dusty, smoky city

Hung a lark against a wall,

Warbling out a cheerful ditty,

Heedless of his cage's thrall.

"Lark!" exclaim'd a chirping sparrow, Lighting on a window-sill,

"Prison'd in a space so narrow, Canst thou sing so blithely still?"

Said the Lark, in accents ringing:

"Sparrow, I would have you know
That a lark in bondage, singing,
Half forgets his weary woe.

"Sang I not, too, here in prison,—
Were I to escape some day,
In the sky when I had risen,
Should I recollect my lay?"

Soul, confined in shell external,
Art thou not a radiant spark
From the Spirit-light supernal,
Prison'd like the tuneful lark?

Let thy spirit-song, to cheer thee In captivity, arise Unforgot, till angels hear thee Chant it far above the skies.

Beabenward.

Behold from day to day within a room

The potted plants upon the window-sill,
And mark them turn, as by a steady will,
Out fairly ever from the inner gloom,
Extending every shoot and leaf and bloom
To greet the cheering light of heaven; until
Perchance reversed; then, lightward striving still,
A new position all the parts assume.
So should the human heart for ever yearn
To the unsetting Sun of truth and grace;
So should the mind for ever Godward turn,
And drink the light that beameth from his face;
So should the soul aspire, and ever spurn
The gloom of evil in this darksome place.

Nife.

Life is a narrow path that threads
A lofty precipice:
Above the boundless ether spreads,—
Below, the deep abyss.

He that would tread that path aright,
May gaze nor up nor down:
The giddy depth, the giddy height,
Below, above, doth frown.

Upon the gulf he may not keep

His erring vision strain'd,

Lest he should slip adown the steep—

His true goal unattain'd.

Nay, he must look straight on before,
And gather up his strength,
Not to descend and not to soar,
But for his journey's length.

He may cull flowers upon the way,
Where close at hand they grow:
But from the pathway may not stray,
To pluck them high and low.

He may sit down to rest awhile When with his travail worn; But not to loiter every mile, Or dream about his bourne.

He should remove each jagged stone, That lieth in the track; Should help a fellow-pilgrim on, Or call a straggler back.

Thus man, who now would sink so low, Now to such height aspire, Should wend a toilsome way and slow, But gradually higher.

To a Nutterfly,

SEEN IN THE STREETS OF LONDON.

Poor wanderer, how couldst thou stray
From the green fields so far away?
What seekest thou in this huge throng
Of men and houses?—which ere long
May prove thy tomb, as it hath proved
Of thousands who like thee removed
From country scenes to city life,
And perish'd in its daily strife.

Fly while thou mayst, and quick repair
To verdant fields and free fresh air!
Oh, had I nimble wings like thine,
And were thy life untrammel'd mine,
How swift would be my farewell flight
From this great town's contagious blight—
A moral blight, spread everywhere
Thick as the smoke-clouds in the air.

Oh, what is this vast haunt of men, Compared with one small mountain-glen? A peopled waste, a living tomb,
A prison-house for minds, whose doom
Is exile from fair Nature's face,
So full of health, and joy, and grace,
But which is ne'er so fully known,
As when by loss its worth is shown.

Flee, Butterfly !-But, ah! too late: That open sash decides thy fate. Thy choice is made, thy flight is o'er; Green fields shall welcome thee no more. With sense confounded by the gloom, A while thou flutterest round the room, Till, crush'd within some thoughtless grasp, Thou breathest out a final gasp. Alas! thy fortune symbols mine: So rural scenes did I resign; So have I made my prison here, And see no hope of rescue near. Here must I dwell, within the thrall Of never-ending street and wall; And sadder still it soon may be, To die in this captivity.

Methinks that in a cottage room,

Around whose latticed window bloom

Sweet honeysuckles, with a bed
Of wallflowers underneath, to shed
Commingling odours on the air,—
Methinks, in summer-time, 'twere there
A subdued pleasure e'en to die,
Fixing the half-unconscious eye
Upon the meeting green and blue,
While heaven seem'd scarcely out of view.

Mondage.

Heaven above him, earth beneath him,
Pain and grief about,
Man goes creeping, crawling onward
Through the mist of doubt.

Yet he loves the dirt he crawls on,
And the dank dim air:
Fearing ever to climb upward
To the bright and fair:

Like the captive of the Bastile,
Shut in dungeon dim,
Till his very gloom and bondage
Made up life to him;

Who beheld his prison open,
And the world before;
Yet kept clinging to his dungeon,
Turning from the door.

Freedom.

Content is freedom: he is free
Who longs not for the unattain'd,
Who feels no insufficiency,
Whose tether-rope is never strain'd.

The minnow in a narrow brook

Is free, and sigheth not for wings:
The spider's free within his nook,

And dreameth not of greater things.

The cagèd singing-bird is free,

That hops from perch to perch content;

But not the bird that yearns to flee,

And struggles till the wires are bent.

All men are free who feel no need,
And love to fill their present part;
But none who bears the swelling seed
Of aspiration in his heart.

The Fallen Star.

As I watch'd a star in heaven,
Splendid to the view,
I beheld it of a sudden
Dart adown the blue.

Down behind the far horizon Shooting out of sight, It had vanish'd ere my vision Could o'ertake its flight.

Looking up again to heaven,
I would fain have seen
Whence the star but now had fallen,—
Where its light had been.

But above all seem'd unalter'd,
All as bright and fair;
Not a part of space more empty,
Not a star less there.

So, I thought, a soul may vanish
From the midst of men,
Leaving earth as full as ever
To the common ken;—

Yea, a soul of such a measure
With its thoughts unfurl'd,
That it seem'd to its own thinking
But another world.

To itself each soul appeareth
Wide as heaven's zone:
Every soul unto another
As a star alone.

In each soul a world existeth,

Be it large or small;

And the least with souls is studded—

What if one should fall!

Something Desperate.

I'd like to do something desperate,
Something that nobody will:
To gallop astride on a steam-engine
Over the ruggedest hill;
To float on a plank in a tempest,
Or smoke in a powder-mill.

I'd like to do something desperate,
Something that nobody dare:
To stand on a ship all burning,
And laugh at the mounting flare;
Shake hands with a ravenous lion,
Or kick at a grisly bear.

I'd like to do something desperate,
Something that nobody can:
To run at a stretch to the North Pole,
And back to where I began;
To put out the fire of Mount Etna,
Or throttle the Tempter of man.

But why do something desperate?

Prithee, poor heart, be still!

For thou wilt do nothing so wonderful,

Nothing that nobody will.

Do but thy duty, and rest thee contented

The fate of a man to fulfil.

Condense all this vaporous energy

To a continuous stream:

Perform a mite well every moment,

And care not how small it may seem;

For better a molehill of useful achievement

Than mountains of cloudland and dream.

The Life of Labour.

Our life is like the felon's mill;

The days are steps we tread upon:

We never must be standing still,

Or we should find our foothold gone.

It boots not merely to endure;
A passive part we try in vain:
We must be active to be sure,
And ever, ever on the strain.

We spend our life to win from fate

The wherewithal to keep our life:

We strive to-day, from soon to late,

That we may wage to-morrow's strife.

'Tis hard for ever to climb up,
Yet never come to standing-room:
To have to drink a bitter cup,
That riseth fast as we consume.

'Tis hard to roll the stone up hill

And feel it alway slipping back:
Soon as a Hydra-head we kill,
To find another to attack.

Did we not look for some redress

By earthly hope or heavenly faith,

Than unadvancing to progress

'Twere better sink back into death.

But some spring in the human breast,—
Some motive wound in endless coils,—
Forbids the toiler to arrest
The repetition of his toils.

He trusts in something to live for;
Some beacon shines before his eye,
That lures him on from hour to hour
To live for what he liveth by.

Some few, of greater luck or worth,

May find their harvest ripen here;
But many more must sow on earth,

To reap but in another sphere.

To Pope.

Thou will-o'-the-wisp, that hast led me astray

Through the marsh and the mire, so far from my

way,—

I took thee at first for a beacon whose light
Would guide to a refuge from hunger and night.
I've follow'd thee long, with a fictitious power,
And mark'd not the distance, the track, or the hour.
Thou'st deluded me long, but I know thee at length;
Yet what boots to know thee when robb'd of my
strength;

When my weary limbs sink, and a torpor doth chill

The blood at my heart, and enfetter the will!

Thou hast lured me too long, I have known thee
too late;

And now thou dost leave me the victim of fate. In vain through the cold mud I struggle about; In vain through the chill air for succour I shout: Only deeper I sink, and no helper is nigh;—
In the mire of the marsh I must lie down and die.

A Dream.

In a dream last night I wander'd

Through a damp and dreary vale,
While the evening shades descended,
And the dying day grew pale.

And I strove to leave the valley,
Where the mist was falling chill,
To attain the evening glory
Like a crown upon the hill.

But, ah me! my feet were leaden,
And my heart began to sink,
And my brain grew dull and sluggish,
At the mountain's lowest brink.

There I lay me down all powerless,
Bound as by a magic spell,
Sinking into heavy slumber:—
More I know not what befell.

But I fain had dreamt of waking
After all the gloom of night,
And of climbing to the hill-top,
Gilt with morning's ruddy light.

Was the dream a heaven-sent warning
Of my own impending fate,
Urging me to scale the mountain
Ere the effort came too late?

Ah, too late! with what of meaning
Those two simple words are fraught,
When resounding like a death-knell
O'er the grave of stifled thought!

The Right-hours.

In still hours after midnight chimes,While men around are sleeping,I love to weave my simple rhymes,A thoughtful vigil keeping.

Commend me not to early day,
Urge not to rising early:
I love the morn-enkindling ray,
But I behold it rarely.

I would not willingly unlock

My heart-thoughts in the morning,
While every ticking of the clock

Would speak a word of warning.

How can the daily toiler think
While labour's tide is nearing,
And he beholds his narrow brink
Of case fast disappearing?

Nay, give me the lone hours of night, When I can steal from slumber The minutes, and not heed their flight, Or reckon up their number.

Sleep's blessed barrier spreads behind This harbour in toil's ocean: No care-winds here disturb my mind, No business-waves' commotion.

Methinks, while I indite this lay

By one small taper's gleaming,

The soul seems loosen'd from the clay,

As I of joy were dreaming.

The senses' landmarks, common things, Have grown obscure around me; And the soft gloom a freedom brings From cares that lately bound me.

Yea, while I see but what I write,
I feel no worldly fetters;
Each stanza seems a vision bright,
And fairies all the letters.

Clouds at Eben.

Through a gloomy summer day,
Clouds may lour and heaven be gray;
But at even we behold
All their dulness turn'd to gold,
And to crimson sheen, that glows
Richer than a dew-bright rose.
Yea, and thus with human lives,
When the eve of death arrives:
Clouds of doubt, and clouds of woe,
When life's sun is sinking low,
May grow luminous and bright
With the soul's expanding light,—
Wide expanding, as the sun,
When its goal is well-nigh won.

Sonnet.

ON A BRIGHT SUNRISE LATE IN JANUARY.

When, looking from my casement this fair morn,
I saw the sun uprising all aglow,
I bade farewell to frost, and ice, and snow,
And welcomed gentle spring, once more re-born—
Welcomed the fairy time that shall adorn
The bank with flowers, the hedge with hawthorn-blow.

Perfume the dells where unseen violets grow,
And rouse the germ of man-sustaining corn.
Then, too, I wish'd in my heart would begin,
As 'twere, another spring in my career,
That joy without did mirror'd shine within,
In a warm lake, and not a frost-bound mere.
But, ah! can life a second spring-tide win,
And be repeated like a vanish'd year!

Ryde, I.W., 1861.

Hath the Sea a Heart?

Hath the sea a heart, I fain would know?

Hath the sea a heart to feel?

For it seems alive to pain and woe,

And alive to joy and weal.

How it shuns the rough wind's rude embrace,
With a frowning mien, and stern;
But when sunlight streams upon its face,
How it smiles back in return!

And its pulse is never, never still,

But is beating evermore;

And at whiles it starts as with a thrill,

And rebounds along the shore.

Hath the sea a heart to feel the throe,
When its breast heaves with a sob?
Hath the sea a heart?—oh no! oh no!
It would burst with one huge throb.

Little Wird.

Sing on, sing on, little bird!

For wherever thou art heard,
Some heart all the lighter,
Some soul all the brighter,
Will be found.

Minister of harmless mirth,
True apostle upon earth,
Joy within thy bosom
Seems to bud and blossom
Into sound.

Oh, that men were more like thee—
That with heart as pure and free,
Void of gall and malice,
All would pass the chalice
Of delight!
Like to fire that we bestow,
Joy we give may burn and glow,
Yet we, none the poorer,
Of a light be surer
In our night.

Clouds.

LIGHT here were death 'neath ever-radiant skies:

The moon is lifeless as a rock on earth;

Upon its face no flow'ret comes to birth,

And from its hills no gurgling streamlets rise.

The cloud, that shuts out sunshine from our eyes,

Begetteth life, and hath an untold worth;

For, failing the dank showers, there comes a

dearth

Of all that sunshine teaches us to prize.

So hearts are nourish'd by their very grief,
And fitted to experience happiness;

Though we complain of clouds that bring relief
Where mirth would else parch all to barrenness.

Oh, to the sad heart gaining late reprief,
Its joy is surely child to its distress.



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